Catholic Labor Wins a Strike—*Miller Stewart*

THE Nation

October 1, 1949

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Explosion of a Policy

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Cold War Armistice

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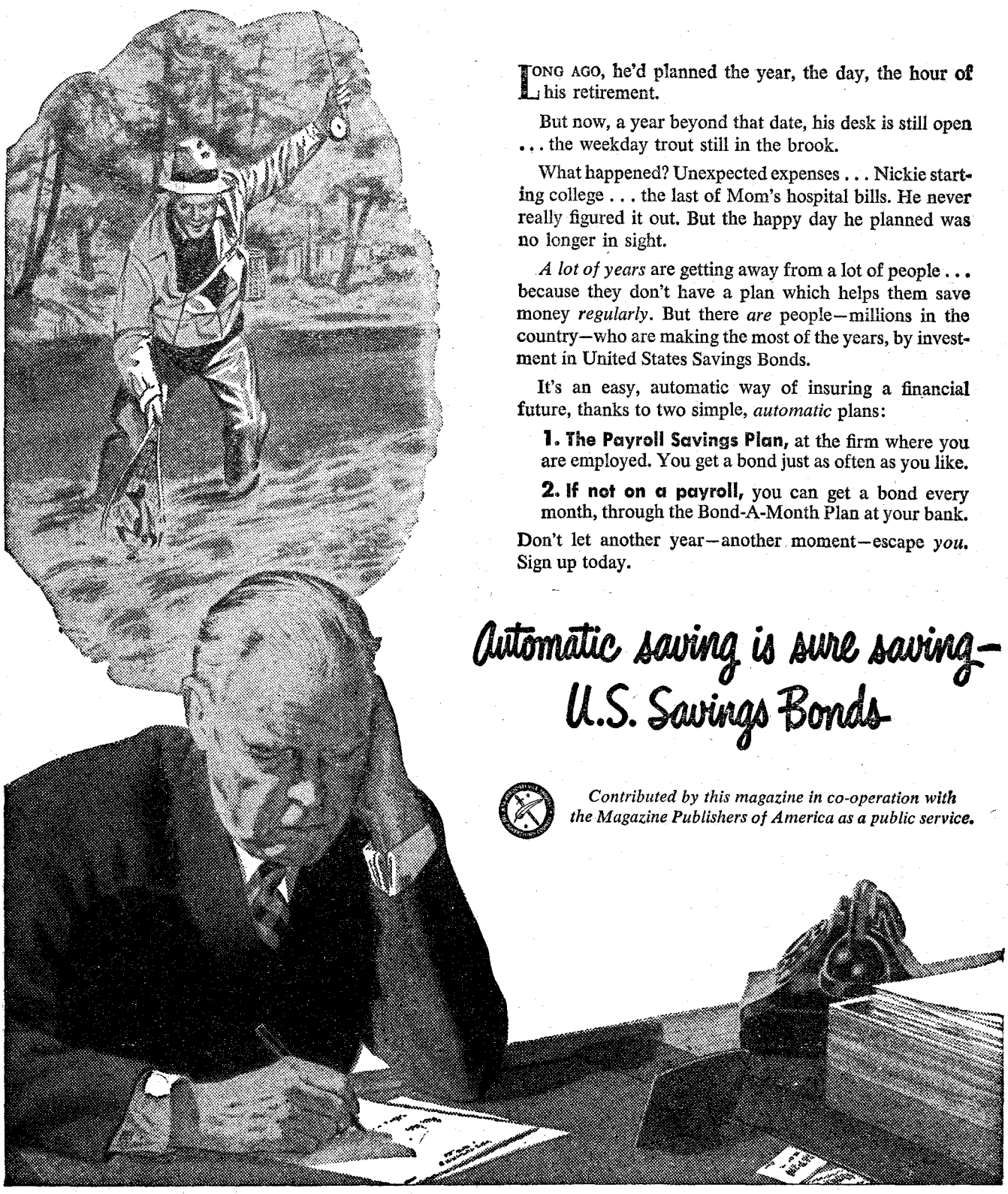

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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Explosion of a Policy

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT WAS inevitable that the first official reactions to the news of the atomic explosion in Russia should have been to minimize its importance: to insist that since it had long been anticipated, American policy would not need to be changed to meet the new situation. Although several enthusiasts on the air described the administrative calm as "magnificent," most citizens probably regarded it as merely canny—a face-saving measure and a preventive of panic.

Obviously, the President and the Secretary of State are not going to weaken their position still further by admitting the degree to which it has been weakened by Russia's possession of the bomb; nor do they wish to encourage the crackpots of the press and Congress, who already are seizing the occasion to demand that the capital be moved forthwith to Paducah, Kentucky, and to denounce the Administration for revealing the "secrets" of nuclear fission to our enemies. Every instinct of caution and political self-protection inclines our top officials to play down the news in public, while preparing, one must hope, to adapt their plans as rapidly as possible to its impact.

For the event announced by Mr. Truman has altered overnight the world balance of political-military power. Russia may have one bomb or a hundred; or it may merely know how to detonate nuclear blasts detectable several thousand miles away. Russia may have possessed the bomb, as Tass now claims, for two years or for two weeks. Whatever the exact ratio, whatever the time-table, the central, revolutionary fact is that this country no longer has that monopoly of atomic power which Winston Churchill proclaimed as the single barrier to Russia's conquest of Europe. One need not accept Mr. Churchill's views as correct to realize how greatly American policy, and the policy of our Western allies, has rested on the belief that this monopoly would be maintained for at least a considerable period. How otherwise could we have justified the refusal to share our atomic knowledge—and the bomb itself—with the countries that helped develop it and today are joined with us in a military alliance?

Plans for the defense of Western Europe, so far as they are known, have been based on the theory of a Continental land army—primarily a French army—to be supplemented by American air and sea power with the atom bomb as its ultimate weapon. Discussion has been centered largely on the question whether such an army, even equipped with American weapons and willing to fight, could stem a Russian drive to the Atlantic while the United States was depositing bombs on Soviet cities. But who has seriously considered the possibility that a Russian atom bomb might destroy Paris—hardly an hour's distance as the bomber flies, from Soviet Germany—even before American planes could get off the ground? Or that Moscow might merely announce its regretful intention to drop an A-bomb on Paris if the United States launched a single military plane in the direction of Russia?

THUS Russia's conquest of atomic power, actual or merely imminent, has drawn a red line through many of the assumptions on which American policy has been built. It has also canceled the hope that our many political and economic mistakes could be offset by the might conferred by the bomb. Today that advantage is all but gone, and our plans for maintaining the Western alliance in Europe must be justified by their intrinsic effectiveness.

Perhaps this is a hopeful rather than an alarming fact. Only a few Churchills really believe that America's corner on the atom bomb was the chief obstacle to Russian aggression. Most careful observers have maintained right along that Russia's aims and methods were both primarily political, once its hold on Eastern Europe was solidly established. The Kremlin feared war, having suffered over-all devastation to a degree unmatched by any other victim of Nazi attack. Its offensive against capitalism has been directed to the point where economic weakness opened breaches in the political armor of the West. Its American policy has been compounded of antagonism for the one strong capitalist power and genuine fear of military encirclement. If Russia's posses-

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sion of the bomb forces Washington to reconsider its present emphasis on armed force and political reaction as twin bulwarks against the spread of communism and stimulates instead a realistic appreciation of the needs and desires of the people of Europe, the chance of agreement—or at least of peaceful rivalry—may be increased.

IN AN article on page 315, written prior to the President's announcement, Mr. del Vayo reports the mood he found in Europe just before the General Assembly met at Flushing Meadow. Not only did he encounter a widespread belief that war could and must be averted; he also learned of Russia's intention to present to the Assembly a coherent program for settlement with the West. That this intention was related to the still unannounced detonation of the bomb can now be regarded as at least likely. So far, however, only modest signs of conciliation have emerged. Perhaps Vishinsky considered his opening address an overture of peace; if so, he should learn other words. But under the conventional barrage of vituperation a few positive suggestions appeared. Although he made no reference to the Russian explosion, he called for early action on atomic control, urging again Moscow's scheme of destroying and prohibiting weapons of mass destruction and then setting up a system of international inspection and control. To this he joined a proposal for a Big Five non-aggression pact. The likelihood that Vishinsky's ideas will be accepted now, after having been voted down regularly at past sessions, is negligible. But three resolutions embodying them have been put on the agenda, and observers at Flushing report that his recommendation of a non-aggression pact will find general support among the smaller nations—now more than ever aware of their appointed role as victims in case of an atomic war.

At this moment it looks as though neither great power could afford to remain stubborn or seem to be putting obstacles in the way of agreement on atomic control. If proof were needed that popular sentiment demands action, it was provided by the new president of the Assembly, General Carlos P. Rómulo. The Philippine delegate, for all his dignity and eloquence, has never been noted for sharply independent views. While claiming a certain latitude appropriate to an "Asian leader," he moves comfortably inside the American orbit. For Rómulo to declare on the radio that the question of international atomic control must be "faced squarely" at this session indicates a strong tide pushing in that direction, especially since the United States has until now resisted further meetings of the Atomic Energy Commission until the Soviet Union should adopt a more amenable attitude.

Washington obviously fears the propaganda effect of Russia's new status. With an anxious world waiting on his words and the bomb, metaphorically, in his

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pocket, Mr. Vishinsky has an occasion made to order. Any proposal he makes for outlawing atomic weapons gains added weight from the fact that today, for the first time, Moscow has something to lose through such an offer. Distrustful of the Kremlin's intentions, America may be tempted to stand pat, counting on its big majority to offset the effect of Russian maneuvers. If it does so, it will give all the tricks to Stalin. Neither cynicism nor fear of "appeasement" is a sufficient answer to the new Soviet position. All the world will be watching the competition between the two masters of atomic power. Since the stake is survival, no one is going to be interested in legalistic attitudes or formal objections to compromise. What people are looking for is not a guaranty that in case of atomic war America has more weapons than Russia and will be able to deliver annihilation faster and more effectively, but assurance that no atomic war will be permitted under any conceivable circumstances.

The Shape of Things

WHILE PHILIP MURRAY IS REPORTED TO have been irritated by President Truman's request for another truce and by his failure to dress down the steel owners, the delay is a boon to the C. I. O. chief and to the country. Murray is in a tight spot. On the one hand he is being pressed to strike action by some of his own rank and file, tired of the parleying and conscious that without a wage increase any contributory pension plan would mean an immediate reduction in their take-home pay. The situation is made to order for the Communists in the C. I. O., who face the battle of their lives at the Cleveland convention set for the end of October. Murray is also being pushed, to some extent, by the fact that the steel men long ago yielded to John L. Lewis in setting up a non-contributory welfare fund for coal diggers in their captive mines. At the same time, he is fully cognizant of the grave political and economic consequences of a prolonged shutdown in steel. He knows that the companies can live off their swollen profits for a long while and that in the meantime the country can be plunged back into the recession from which it is barely emerging; that, in fact, the recession could conceivably turn into a full-blown depression, with devastating effect on our influence abroad. In view of these pressures, Mr. Murray should be relieved at having been forced out of a dubious position. In resuming the process of collective bargaining, he is doing what he said he would not do unless the industry first accepted the principle of the non-contributory welfare fund. He is better off for doing so. If the steel owners fail now to compromise in turn—the union has, after all, abandoned its wage demand—the public will know where the fault lies.

TO JOHN L. LEWIS'S OTHER EUPHEMISMS FOR "strike" has now been added the "no-day work week." In principle it is the same as the stoppage that occurs when the United Mine Workers' thousands of members decide individually but simultaneously that they are not "willing and able" to work. It is only superficially different from the "memorial" holiday and the simple principle of "no contract, no work." The current walkout is nominally attributed to the failure of certain Southern mine operators to make payments to the miners' welfare fund. But Northern and Western operators who have kept up their payments are being subjected to the "no-day work week" just the same. What is almost certainly behind the shutdown of the mines is the failure of the operators and the union to negotiate a new contract. With large coal stocks on hand, neither side is in a hurry to work out terms. Mr. Lewis is convincing when he suggests that George Love, the operators' spokesman, is highly responsive, to say the least, to the pressures of the steel companies, which will not permit him to "come to any agreement . . . that would prejudice the controversy in steel." At the same time, Lewis is not above waiting to see how Philip Murray fares, with the objective of topping him if possible. Since Lewis and Senator Bridges, his fellow-trustee of the welfare fund, have voted to suspend all benefits temporarily, the miners themselves would appear to be the victims of this crafty war of nerves. But their leader has delivered much in the past, and their faith apparently remains unshaken.

*

IT TAKES A GOOD WORKING KNOWLEDGE of international politics to confess properly in a Communist court. Not every defendant is capable of pleading guilty to having conspired with just the right crop of foreign villains called for by current Russian policy. For many years a leading Communist and only recently Hungary's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Laszlo Rajk came to the dock with the highest qualifications, as a result of which his self-damnation was a model exposition of his country's diplomacy. He and his co-defendants managed to put the finger on Tito, Winston Churchill, the Truman Administration, the Vatican, the Zionists, Leon Trotsky, and even poor Earl Browder. Enemy Number One, not surprisingly, turned out to be the great Yugoslav heretic, who, it is now revealed, was secretly dickering with the Germans from 1941 to 1943, in the very years when the Russians were backing him so unsuspectingly against Mihailovich. Ales Bebler, Deputy Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, is revealed as a spy for the "imperialist powers." Another Tito agent, it seems, craftily introduced to the Hungarians the "nationalistic" doctrines of Earl Browder. Selden Chapin and Allen Dulles represent American infamy in the plot, Cardinal Mindszenty is inevitably drawn in to cover the church

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angle, and opposition to "the Trotskyite Zionist movement" is made official by the testimony of a lesser defendant that "the Zionist organization was working closely with the Americans" in the conspiracy. Having done their duty, even to linking their "treason" with the "poverty that exists in the Marshall countries," the defendants now have only to observe the ultimate protocol of the scaffold.

*

THE HUNDRED-ODD NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS who pay for the rights to Eleanor Roosevelt's syndicated column have the option of omitting any column for which they cannot find space, though they must pay for it all the same. Mrs. Roosevelt recently chose to discuss the implications of the banning of *The Nation* from the New York City public schools. According to the only source at our command—a nation-wide clipping service—the column in question was dropped by over three-quarters of the subscribers to "My Day," including one of its most important outlets, the New York *World-Telegram.* And in some of the few journals in which Mrs. Roosevelt's remarks did appear, they were blue-penciled into cryptic unintelligibility. The absurdity of this treatment becomes all the more apparent when one reads in its entirety the former First Lady's temperate objection to the "undemocratic procedure" of banning *The Nation* without a public hearing—even though it was for publishing articles which she herself found "decidedly prejudiced." But, she wrote, "you need to hear both sides of every question. . . . If you surrender your freedom to . . . a group in the hope that any decision taken will be for your benefit, then you no longer live in a democratic way." We recommend five minutes' contemplation of these words to those editors who surrendered their freedom of expression to a special group when they decided it best not to run Mrs. Roosevelt's column on *The Nation.*

*

TRAVEL CAN BE BROADENING, A FRIEND OF ours, a teacher, reports. While returning from a summer in Europe, a voyage made very pleasant by the presence of a large number of American college students, our friend noticed a boy and a girl each reading a copy of "Jane Eyre." The next morning she saw a half-dozen other young people engrossed, oddly enough, in the same work. Long before the ship reached Sandy Hook, the infection seemed to have spread through the entire collegiate set. As a teacher, our friend was highly pleased. But on the last day of the crossing she happened to find a copy of "Jane Eyre" on a deck chair and picked it up. Only the dust cover was "Jane Eyre." Inside were Henry Miller's twin volumes, "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn," neatly packaged by a Paris publisher to provide camouflage for the reader—and exporter—of these *verboten* books.

In Devaluation's Wake

THE exigencies of a weekly deadline send this issue of *The Nation* to press before the House of Commons passes judgment on the devaluation of sterling. However, it seems safe to predict that the Labor government will obtain the vote of confidence it is seeking. Indeed, it will be surprising if the Tories vigorously oppose the motion, for they are aware that a frontal attack on the government can only serve to close the ranks behind it. A better strategy from the point of view of Mr. Churchill and his colleagues is to attempt to enlarge the slight crack between the government and the trade-union movement which has been opened up as the result of devaluation. That is why the Tory press is stressing the probability of a rise in prices sufficient to encourage an early campaign to increase wages.

Since the reduced dollar value of the pound automatically raises the prices of a considerable proportion of the foodstuffs and raw materials which Britain must import, there will be an unavoidable increase in the cost of living. But the government is bound to resist any general effort by the workers to seek compensation through higher wages. For that would in turn raise manufacturing costs and so offset the benefits gained in world markets through the cheapening of the pound. Moreover, it would again swell the volume of money in relation to goods, starting a new inflationary spiral that might eventually force yet another devaluation of sterling.

The orthodox method of preventing such a development would be the adoption of economic sanctions to deter the workers from making wage demands. A government, for instance, might take steps to contract credit and raise interest rates so as to bring about a reduction in investment, a slackening of trade, and a growth of unemployment. Many of Cripps's self-appointed advisers both in Britain and this country have in fact been telling him that he must take action of this kind. Only a stiff dose of unemployment, they insist, will serve to hold the present wage level and to ease inflationary pressures.

Cripps and his colleagues, however, have set their faces firmly against the use of such corrective measures, which must bear hardest on the poorest sections of the community. Moreover, at a time when Britain's crying need is more production, it seems to them folly deliberately to condemn large numbers to unproductive idleness. As Socialists they cannot make use of the automatic brakes with which the laissez-faire juggernaut was fitted. On the other hand, as democrats they cannot resort to the totalitarian methods of stabilization, which call for the settlement of wage rates by government edict and a positive prohibition of all strikes.

With these two ways of checking inflation ruled out, the only alternative seems to be continuance of

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voluntary restraints on income. It is now more than two years since Cripps asked the trade unions to hold the line on wages and corporations to refrain from increasing dividends, pledging at the same time to do everything possible to keep down the cost of living. The response to that appeal shows that in a country like Britain voluntary action can do much. True, it has not proved possible to freeze either prices or wages completely. Yet since June, 1947, while the index of retail prices has advanced from 100 to 111, that of wage rates has risen only from 100 to 109.

Now the country is facing a certain, although possibly fairly modest, additional increase in the cost of living, and continuation of the standstill agreement on incomes implies a decline in real wages. This obviously is a hard pill for trade unionists to swallow, especially when devaluation is likely to swell the profits of industries with a large export trade. Nevertheless, it seems probable that most trade-union leaders will urge their followers to refrain from pressing for higher pay. For they know that either a series of wage increases starting a new inflationary spiral or an outbreak of strikes would tend to create a schism between the trade-union movement and the government and have disastrous effects on the fortunes of the Labor Party, which must before many months face the electors.

Will there be a revolt among the rank and file and repudiation of the policy of cooperation with the government which the trade unions have hitherto pursued? Clearly, this is the hope of the Tories as well as of the relatively small but energetic Communist element in the movement. The average British worker, however, much as he may grumble about a cut in his real income, knows that his lot would be worse if the Tories were returned to office. He may be too young to remember what happened after World War I, but if so we may be sure he has heard the story many times from his parents: the short-lived boom followed by the prolonged bust; the wage cuts and the fruitless hunting for jobs; the broken promises of the Tory-Liberal coalition; the economy cuts at the expense of the social services. By contrast, the British worker since 1945 has enjoyed steady employment, a vast extension of social welfare, a "fair share" of scarce goods, and, less tangible but perhaps still more important, a real growth in status. Understanding that these are but the first fruits of Labor in power, he will, we suspect, be less hasty than wishful commentators suppose in upsetting the applecart.

CORRECTION: In *The Nation* of September 3, in the column Politics and People, Robert Bendiner included support of Roosevelt in 1944 as one of the instances of Newbold Morris's unorthodox Republicanism. In the last days of that campaign Morris came out for Dewey. Mr. Bendiner's estimate of the candidate's unorthodoxy, however, still stands.

POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

The Issues in New York

TO work up a lively interest in New York's political merry-go-round this fall it is not at all necessary to be a New Yorker. Normally an off-year election in the metropolis would concern few citizens west of Hoboken, especially if it were generally conceded that whichever way the vote went, the city was assured a sober and better than average administrator, way above the colorful corruption of a Walker and way below the colorful dynamism of a LaGuardia. But circumstances make this year's election far from normal in New York. The addition of a special senatorial campaign is bound to attract national attention just as an inter-party struggle, but beyond that there are at least four factors that should make country-wide news, to wit: a test of the effectiveness of the new Republican onslaught against the "welfare state"; the strain in relations between a major sector of the labor-liberal contingent and the Democratic Party; a tip-off on the strength left in the Wallace forces and in the American Labor Party; and, finally, the effect of a sharp religious issue on the city's voting pattern.

To take these in order, the contest between Senator John Foster Dulles and Herbert H. Lehman was hailed from the start as a toplofty clash of statesmen—"one of those rare events," a New York paper called it, "which fill politics with meaning and restore to public life the dignity and excitement it has had in the best days of our history." Dulles lost no time in making "statism" the issue, but so far the debate has suggested Lucas and Wherry on a hot afternoon in the Senate rather than Lincoln and Douglas at Springfield. In fact, Mr. Dulles has climbed down from his Olympian perch to wield the red paint brush, for all the world like a mortal candidate hell-bent for election. What has Lehman done about communism? he wants to know. "Did he get out and fight it so that he aroused the antagonism of the Soviet Union?" Lehman is not a Communist, he concedes, but "the Communists are in his corner."

In spite of this puerile stuff the welfare state is in fact a real issue in the senatorial fight, for, verbiage aside, the contenders have taken definite positions. Dulles, who thinks that "statism needs to be stopped now and here," is on record against the health-insurance program, federal aid to the schools, and the Brannan farm plan—"all chapters out of the Communist book." He is also opposed to public housing and the transmission of publicly owned hydroelectric power. The keynote of the Lehman campaign, on the other hand, is a call for "those social and economic changes which human

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welfare constantly demands in the interest of a dynamic society." The outcome of this test should go far to fix Republican strategy for 1950.

While Lehman will draw the overwhelmingly preponderant vote of the trade unions and of all shades of liberals, a very different situation obtains in the mayoralty contest. In Newbold Morris's corner are the Liberal Party, with the International Ladies' Garment Workers as its base, a few smaller A. F. of L. unions, the Fusion Party's clean-government contingent, and, officially, Americans for Democratic Action. O'Dwyer has the support of the C. I. O. City Council, recently wrested from the hands of the Communist-controlled unions, and of a number of important A. F. of L. unions as well, in addition to perhaps a third of the A. D. A. membership. Vito Marcantonio, the third candidate, commands the allegiance of the American Labor Party, which gave O'Dwyer 257,929 votes back in 1945, and of the Communist Party itself.

The reasons for the political split in labor are not hard to discover. The Liberal Party and the A. D. A., like the political agencies of organized labor, are strongly inclined to the Democrats on the national level. But unlike the labor agencies, they are broad political groups and as such cannot automatically subordinate themselves to the Democrats without losing their independence and, with it, their reason for existence. This is especially true in a community in which the Democratic Party is generally the instrument of the most sordid kind of machine politics. The Communists and their close allies in the A. L. P. base all their strategy on the requirements of a foreign policy that suits them, and can therefore support no major-party candidate until the end of the cold war once more releases them for "popular-front" tactics.

As for the C. I. O., it has three reasons for being in the O'Dwyer camp. In the first place, it takes guidance from its national Political Action Committee, which in the absence of overriding considerations leans with good reason toward the Democrats. Second, the C. I. O. right-wingers, who only recently came into control in New York, are not eager to lose that control by splitting on the mayoralty issue. And, most important, C. I. O. leaders feel that O'Dwyer has been good to labor. Before the steel crisis overcame him, Philip Murray came to New York, spoke confidentially with O'Dwyer, and then at an informal meeting with C. I. O. leaders urged the most determined kind of campaign in the Mayor's behalf. I gather this was not too difficult in view of O'Dwyer's very real services in fighting the Taft-Hartley act and in giving the Transport Workers' Union a fair deal, including the check-off of dues, something they were never able to get from LaGuardia.

The American Labor Party's refusal to nominate a candidate for Senator in no way means that Lehman has found favor in Communist eyes, as Mr. Dulles would have the voters believe. On the contrary, the *Daily Worker*, which should know, is at pains to instruct the devoted that Lehman, like Dulles, "must be opposed," because "he basically supports the Truman foreign policy." Neither is much credence to be placed in the official feeble contention of the Communists that the A. L. P. decision stemmed wholly from a determination to concentrate on the mayoralty contest. That is the rationalization. The fact is that the decision was the only one the A. L. P. could make in view of its failure to induce Henry Wallace or any other big-name Progressive to make the race against Lehman. The feeling appeared to be strong among the Progressives, who work through the A. L. P. in New York, that a third nominee in the field, if sufficiently prominent, would hand the election to Dulles and that in any case Lehman did not deserve the opposition. On the other hand, for the Communists to force the nomination of a lesser light or an avowed party member would almost certainly cost the A. L. P. disastrously in votes.

The thorniest issue of all is the religious question. Lehman had hoped ardently to keep this out of the campaign and had in fact to be assured that it would not be an issue before he consented to run. It was O'Dwyer who, whether purposely or inadvertently, precipitated it in a speech before the very state committee which had just put Lehman in nomination. Not satisfied with denouncing the Barden bill, he went on to repeat the church argument that parochial schools are a great boon to the taxpayer. On the spot, Lehman, who had not seen the speech in advance, told interviewers that he too opposed the Barden bill and favored federal aid to parochial schools for "auxiliary services" in states that approved such appropriations.

On the Republican side, however, Newbold Morris was in no such conciliatory frame of mind. "This is where I came in 300 years ago," he said, adding that he indorsed the principle of the Barden bill, which would unqualifiedly deny federal funds to private and parochial schools. Since this is the one issue on which he and O'Dwyer are cleanly squared off against each other, it is bound to bulk large in the campaign, whether openly or just beneath the surface. It may be taken for granted that Morris will lose many Catholic votes, especially in Queens, where Republican candidates normally draw much of their strength. But these may well be offset by the votes of Protestants and Jews who feel strongly on the subject. Fortunately, however, too many cross-currents are involved for there to be much prospect of voting by religious blocs. If there are appreciable defections from the Morris camp, it will be hard to tell how many are disgruntled Catholics and how many are conservative Republicans who distrust a candidate so independent that he refuses to indorse Mr. Dulles, his own running-mate.

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Cold War Armistice

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Flushing Meadow, September 22

THE fourth session of the General Assembly opened in an atmosphere of restrained optimism which reflected accurately the mood of Europe as I sensed it during my recent visit. It was evident not only in the remarks of President Rómulo who, obviously enjoying his role as presiding officer, proclaimed the meeting the "Assembly of Peace." All the speeches delivered until this date have projected the gathering in a hopeful and amiable light as compared with previous sessions; the contrast with the first meetings at the Palais Chaillot last September in Paris has been striking. Even if it was only a phrase, the statement of Secretary of State Acheson—"the problem of peace is a universal problem that cannot be solved but on a universal basis"—sounded good coming from that quarter. Small skirmishes over the agenda or even an occasional exchange of reproaches should not be exaggerated. On the other hand, the most important developments may occur outside the regular meetings rather than in the course of them, just as the Paris Foreign Ministers' conference emerged from informal conversations during the Assembly meeting of last fall. Attention should again be directed not only to what is said in public but to talks in the corridors and at private parties where the delegates meet.

After two years of being unable to take the initiative, Moscow is again in a position to play its cards with a good chance of winning. The Anglo-Saxon nations hope to isolate Russia and brand it a potential aggressor; Russia is trying to break through the ring and establish its claim to the title of defender of the peace against the Western "warmongers."

The struggle has been carried on for many months and in many places, but at the session of the United Nations just opened the Soviet diplomats are expected to unfold a new plan of action, worked out to the last detail in recent months. While various versions of the impending Soviet proposals have been published in the United States, none of them are taken very seriously among diplomats with whom I have recently talked in Europe; the Russians permit no such leaks or indiscretions as occur in the Foreign Ministries of other countries. But without venturing into speculative journalism or pretending to a scoop, I believe it is fairly certain that during the present U. N. Assembly a new Soviet policy will be laid down in such a way that Western delegations can hardly reject it as mere propaganda.

This predicted change would not mean any relaxation of Russia's efforts to influence public opinion. The recent peace congresses held in New York, Paris, and Mexico City showed how profound and widespread is the hatred of war. But the Russians are sufficiently realistic to know that such assemblies, for obvious reasons, attract only a limited audience—limited, that is, in coloring if not in size. It is impossible to combine two contradictory aims: to keep the left quarreling in every country and to unite it overnight. It would be different if behind the banners that float over the congresses there marched a compact multitude such as opened the way for the Popular Front in France in 1934. These meetings may have served a purpose; but the United Nations provides the only rostrum from which Russia can present its case to a world audience.

The dominant problem in international politics is how to reestablish a working relationship between the two blocs whose antagonism has delayed the organization of peace and almost unleashed another war. In order to understand Russia's new attitude it is necessary to recall briefly how the differences first arose. While historians may dispute the question of relative responsibility, the recently published memoirs of persons close to the scene of diplomatic action provide many clues to the origins of the trouble. Today reactionary critics like to blame President Roosevelt's decisions at Yalta for everything they disapprove of that has happened since. However, an honest reading of the reports of persons who were present at that meeting shows that Roosevelt laid the basis, in his agreements with Stalin, for a lasting peace. It was destroyed later, and by others.

PERHAPS the first breach was made at San Francisco in 1945 when the Americans forced the admission of Argentina to the United Nations. Some days later a long conversation with Molotov convinced me that the Russian delegation regarded this action, erasing with a stroke all that Roosevelt had said about the aims of the war, as a warning that the United States had suddenly changed its position. Imprecations and mutual reproaches followed in a tumultuous rhythm, with little regard for the truth. In the second Assembly of the United Nations early in 1946 the conventional good manners of the Big Four began to give way to violent and offensive speeches. The schism was formalized when the Soviet Union changed its German policy, abandoning the idea of economic unity and closing the economic frontiers of the Russian zone. The division between East and West was now extended to Germany—today

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as yesterday the chief trouble spot. It was the only thing needed to make the situation dangerously explosive.

The proclamation of the Truman Doctrine and its complement, the Marshall Plan, translated antagonism into strategy. East and West now opposed each other in the Balkans; they declared economic and political war in the heart of each Western country; in the United Nations they differed on every important issue, with the single exception of Palestine; they were unable to work together in the chief U. N. agencies.

The cold war reached its climax in the spring of 1948. Although I stubbornly clung to my belief that there would be no real war, the dangers were evident. There was the possibility that those elements in the United States who advocated a "preventive" attack—before the Soviet Union had a supply of atom bombs—would take advantage of the bitter feeling aroused by the Communist coup in Prague and the suicide of Jan Masaryk. This feeling, buttressed by the effect of the Berlin blockade, provided effective psychological preparation for the Atlantic Pact, which was concluded much more easily than had been expected.

The pact completed and defined the wall of containment around the Russian-controlled area. American politicians and diplomats stretched their vocabularies to the limit in an attempt to describe the pact on the one hand as purely "cooperative" and directed toward no specific possible aggressor and on the other as a bulwark against Russian expansion. The first was necessary to satisfy diplomatic propriety and the provisions of the U. N. Charter, the second to persuade the American Congress that only by voting money for arming Europe could it prevent the Red Army from advancing across the Continent, Africa, and the Middle East and ultimately attacking the United States. There was a similar contradiction in American propaganda. One moment it pictured Russia as losing the cold war—defeated in Berlin through the failure of the blockade, its foreign Communist supporters decimated in each new election, its Five-Year Plan behind schedule, its satellites prepared to follow Tito—and the next as an enemy so redoubtable that to hold it in check no sacrifice, of money or of ideological position, could be thought too great.

FROM the start Europe has not let itself be intimidated by the threat of war. There was a moment in 1948 when it almost believed in an inevitable conflict. Today it has largely shaken off this specter. As I have said several times in recent months, to the degree that Europe does not expect war, that it considers war both unbearable and unnecessary, the Atlantic Pact will lose its reason for existence. Its initial value, in the opinion of its principal promoters, was as a framework for a program of effective rearmament. In President Truman's message to Congress, in the various statements of Secretary Acheson and other Administration leaders before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, one argument was invariably used: If you do not vote the money to arm Europe, the Atlantic Pact will be no more than a gesture. But arms for Europe will solve the problem only if those who receive them are willing to use them. Months ago I wrote in *The Nation,* "Europe does not want to fight," and today, on my return from two months in Europe, I say it again.

Countries which suffered invasion, occupation, resistance, and liberation also resent the prospect of allying themselves with a Germany which, even before it had formed a democratic government, was talking and acting as if it had won the war. They resist the suggestion that their military budgets be increased at the expense of social welfare and a decent standard of living. And they regard with bitter anxiety the spectacle of reaction advancing everywhere on the heels of the preparations for war.

One of the foundation stones on which British Laborites and anti-Communist American liberals have erected a common policy—the Third Force in Europe—is crumbling. The core of the Third Force was the European Socialist parties. In Belgium, one of their strongholds, the Socialists have been forced to withdraw from the government. All signs indicate that when the French Parliament returns from its vacation, thanks to which the clever Queuille has been able to hang on a few months longer, a government crisis will jolt the Socialists out of their Cabinet posts. Schumacher's German Socialists have been driven into the opposition. Everywhere in Western Europe the Catholic parties, supported by the Vatican and the State Department, are in the ascendancy, and the Third Force is but a wraith beloved of liberal Americans. Today European reactionaries are hoping that the United States will seize the opportunity offered by the British economic crisis to edge Labor out of power. It remains to be seen what effect devaluation will have on the Labor government. If wages remain frozen and the cost of living rises, neither threats nor appeals to patriotism will prevent profound unrest among the workers. Already Cripps has announced in cautious terms a more friendly attitude toward business. Already predictions multiply that a "national government" may be the only way out; but memories of 1931 make this solution a perilous one.

Strasbourg was not a success, even as a beginning. The idea of a federal Europe cannot be realized, nor can any great European problem be solved, while the Continent is divided into two blocs. Even the countries of Western Europe have their differences: witness the constant tariff disputes between France and England and the struggle for markets which devaluation has only served to intensify. Nor have Britain and the Continent begun yet to feel the impact of German competition.

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While I was in Europe I learned from various high political personages of the growing mistrust about certain developments in American foreign policy. On the evening that Paris heard the news of the Stalin-Kirk interview a distinguished French politician, not a Communist or fellow-traveler, said to me: "All this Russo-American tension will end one day with the United States making a big loan to Russia. Then the Russians will absorb America's excess production, and we French, like idiots, will be left to gaze at the moon."

Recently informed French opinion has been aroused by two developments. The first was the official report that the country which had benefited most from the Marshall Plan was Germany. In the production of steel Germany now leads Europe. And not only has the German steel industry made great progress, but so has the neo-Nazi movement. Nazi papers similar to the *Stürmer* are appearing again, many of them under their old editors. The second was the increasing indication that France is being given a role at once subordinate and dangerous in the defense plans for Western Europe. Its function will be to provide the bulk of the territorial forces assigned to carry out a strategy largely laid down in Washington. And while American arms will be supplied in such amounts as Congress makes possible, the United States is not sharing with France, or its other allies, its most advanced techniques and models, to say nothing of the atom bomb.

The fact that all is not love and harmony in the Western camp is probably one of the reasons the Russians have shifted their foreign policy in the direction indicated at the Foreign Ministers' conference on Berlin. But Moscow must also know that Western differences would be buried at once if Western public opinion became convinced that the goal of the Soviet Union was the domination of Europe, not peace. The job of the Russians at Flushing Meadow is to reinforce the effect of Vishinsky's conciliatory behavior at the Paris conference, to convince both Europe and America that the Soviet Union genuinely wants a settlement.

The Kremlin can hardly have failed to give serious thought to all that has happened to the Communist movement since 1947. Apart from the Tito-Cominform split and its sharp repercussions in neighboring states, almost every election held in countries outside the Soviet sphere has diminished Communist representation. Many strikes have been lost despite the determined efforts of the Communists. The World Federation of Trade Unions is divided, as are the labor federations in most countries. The Communists are able to explain all this to their own satisfaction, since for them "victories are victories and defeats are also victories." But the strategists of the Politbureau know better. These are all what one may call negative factors; there are in addition the great possibilities for reconstruction and economic progress which would be opened up by a true rapprochement. Stalin has frequently referred to these prospects.

The hour has come for the Russians to act. The place is the General Assembly of the United Nations.

[*In coming issues Mr. del Vayo will alternate reports on the present session of the General Assembly with further articles on his recent visit to Europe.*]

Siam: Tranquillity and Sudden Death

BY ANDREW ROTH

Bangkok, September

RICE-RICH Siam is still the most prosperous and tranquil country in Asia. Its immediate problems are of a petty domestic character, very different from the violent conflicts shaking Burma, Indo-China, and Malaya. But few feel that Siam's jungle-shrouded, mountainous borders can insulate it for long against the coming thunder out of China.

The prevailing mood is still an easygoing relaxation. People read of events in other lands, but find them unimportant compared with their personal problems. Bald-shaven young Buddhist monks in their saffron garb discuss a three-foot-long footprint discovered by a priest in the mountains and wonder whether it was made by the Lord Buddha. In Bangkok the samlor drivers boast of their victory over motorists and truck-drivers (a samlor is a three-wheeled cab pedaled by the driver). An ordinance had attempted to keep them at the side of the streets and prevent them from cruising for fares. The drivers objected strenuously, and someone signing himself "Samlor Driver" wrote to the Bangkok *Post*: "A samlor is a small vehicle which is propelled at a reasonable speed, can be hired for a moderate sum, produces no hideous noises or smells, and does not murder or maim innocent citizens. . . . It is unfair that samlors should be blamed for traffic congestion. . . . Take away the motor-buses, lorries, and private cars and the congestion will disappear." But the estimated ten thousand organized samlor drivers did not rely on their literary persuasiveness alone. They buttonholed deputies and spoke harshly to the police chiefs—for whom they are said to serve as

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informers. As a result the restrictions were quickly withdrawn, and now motorists declare you have to hoot your horn five times instead of three to get the samlor driver to move over.

Corruption is still like the weather in Siam: everybody talks about it, but nobody seems to do anything about it. When I was here last November the chief subject of conversation was Major General Luang Kach's alleged misappropriation of eighteen million ticals (about a million dollars) of army funds. But the matter is buried in the courts, and Luang Kach is still the chief power in the army and the close friend of Premier Phibun Songgram. A twenty-three-man committee appointed to clean up corruption in the Communications Department had investigated only thirty cases when the Cabinet discontinued it, with the explanation that the committee's expenses were running higher than the money that could be saved.

The trial of the men accused of killing the young King goes on forever. It is now being adjourned to Switzerland to take the testimony of the present King. The case has been a political football for so many years and the evidence has been so mauled about that it is impossible to get any idea of the truth.

The name of the country is again Thailand. After having been Siam for a long time, it was changed to Thailand by Phibun in his pre-war aggressively nationalistic period to recall its ancient glories. At Britain's suggestion it was changed back to Siam by Phibun's arch-enemy, Pridi Phanomyong, leader of the war-time anti-Japanese resistance. Now Phibun has restored the name Thailand as a gesture of defiance toward Pridi.

Post-war politics in Siam have been a struggle for power between the cliques headed by Phibun and Pridi rather than a conflict over ideological issues. Phibun is a right-wing nationalist who believes in strong-arm methods and is supported by army and police leaders with a distinctly military-fascist outlook. Pridi is an idealistic, intriguing social democrat, with influence in navy circles. Phibun was Premier and military dictator from 1938 to 1944 and arranged to have Siam jump on the Japanese bandwagon. Pridi was Phibun's Foreign Minister before the war, led the war-time anti-Japanese resistance, and became Premier in 1946. He was ousted by Phibun in November, 1947.

Since Siam has never had to endure colonial status, it has never been politically aroused by nationalist agitation. Its middle class, moreover, is mainly composed of immigrant Chinese preoccupied with moneymaking; if they take any interest in politics, it is in the recurrent crises in China. A shrewd diplomatic observer has judged that "not more than two hundred people in Siam concern themselves seriously with politics." This "two hundred" is almost entirely made up of professional men, aristocrats, and army officers.

There is not likely to be any mass interest in politics while Siam remains as relatively prosperous as it is now. A fertile, rice-surplus country with a comparatively scanty population, it is profiting from the wars in Burma and Indo-China, which have made it the largest rice exporter in Asia at a time when the price of rice is at an all-time high. Siam exported over 800,000 tons last year and over 700,000 tons in the first six months of 1949. This, together with tin, rubber, and shellac exports, has given it a favorable balance of trade with both the sterling and the dollar countries and such ample revenues that the Siamese government has been able to reduce its foreign loans to a scant $10,000,000, rehabilitate the railroads, improve the capital's water supply, and make plans for a much-needed hydroelectric development. There is plenty of rural and urban poverty, but no one starves in Siam.

OCCASIONALLY ugly bubbles burst on the placid surface of Siamese political life. Last February there was an abortive attempt by Pridi to overthrow his old enemy, Phibun, through a navy-backed coup. Spasmodic fighting broke out in the streets; flights were canceled through Bangkok's international airport; twenty-four followers of Pridi, veterans of the anti-Japanese underground, seized the palace and held it for a few days. The marines made progress against the army, but the navy, unaccountably did not give artillery support. The evidence indicates that the commander of the navy changed his mind at the last moment and decided to use the action merely as a warning to Phibun not to hand out all the plums to the army.

As soon as the plot was discovered, Phibun's police began to arrest his enemies. Four former Cabinet Ministers, all war-time resistance leaders, were taken from their homes and cruelly tortured—their legs broken, lighted cigars pressed to their bodies, their faces battered by cuffing. By March 4, six days after the revolt started, the men were either dead or in too bad shape to be released. So the police took them out in a station wagon, turned machine-guns on them, and then said they were shot in the course of an attempt to rescue them. Nobody believed the story because no one thought it possible that eighty bullets could strike the car carrying the four former ministers without injuring its driver. The police also made the mistake of allowing the bodies to be photographed—the broken legs, caved-in ribs, and cigar burns could be clearly seen.

It has been dangerous for a newspaper to comment openly on the police atrocities. A reporter for the leftist paper Siam *Nikorn* was knocked down at the home of the Deputy Minister of Interior and died of his injuries. Another newsman was beaten by three men in police uniform while returning from this reporter's funeral. Men in police uniform fired three shots at the editor of

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the daily *Varasarn*, which had plainly accused the police of a "deliberate killing."

In the June elections, despite considerable government and army interference at the polls, a substantial number of Phibun's adversaries were elected. Tieng Sirikhand, former Assistant Minister of Interior, was elected from the northeast by a large majority, although he was under indictment for "high treason" and the government sent a Cabinet minister to campaign against him. The large vote for Tieng was undoubtedly an expression of indignation over the March killings, for three of the four murdered former ministers came from the same area and were his close associates.

Premier Phibun

While Phibun was able to remain as Premier after the elections in June, the opening of the new Parliament in July showed that his majority was very tenuous. In a surprising show of strength the opposition passed a resolution calling for a detailed investigation of government departments. Critical deputies attacked the "widespread corruption," pointed to the imminent conversion of Siam into a "police state," and demanded to know what was being done to clear up the February murders. Phibun has shown his consciousness of his political weakness by inviting Tieng Sirikhand, who is still under indictment for "high treason," and Direk Jayanan, whom the February rebels tried to set up as Premier, to become members of his Cabinet. Both have refused. Unable to persuade first-class men to serve with him, he has had to take the posts of Foreign Minister and Defense Minister himself, as well as that of Premier. The opposition feels that it could carry a vote of non-confidence in Parliament and force his legislative downfall, but the difficulty would be to make it stick. The real power in this politically backward country is in the hands of the army and the police, and if they cannot have Phibun as a parliamentary chief they will instal him as military dictator.

The striking thing about last February's revolt and the October revolt before it was that no foreign power was involved. On this all diplomatic and political observers are agreed. Little is heard these days about the Soviet legation, once blown up by imaginative newsmen into "Cominform headquarters" for all Southeast Asia. The legation now is simply a quietly active observation post, in charge of an earnest young man who thinks the United States is "decadent" because it uses electric typewriters.

The large Chinese population has long been Siam's chief problem. Although census figures state that only one-third of Bangkok's 700,000 inhabitants are of Chinese origin, the real figure is closer to two-thirds. Of the 18,000,000 people in the whole country, 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 are Chinese. Being more ambitious and hard-working than the Siamese, they have come to dominate trade and to control much of the small manufacturing. Marshal Phibun has worked unremittingly to reduce Chinese immigration and to preserve certain types of jobs for the Siamese. He has now cut Chinese and Indian immigration to a quota of 100 a year; samlor-driving has been restricted to Siamese; and by the end of the year all barbers will have to be Siamese.

WHEN I asked Marshal Phibun last November what he thought would be the impact of the Chinese Communist victories, he answered: "It will be very great. There are Chinese throughout all Southeast Asia, and there will be much agitation among them. I am watching to see what happens." It is already possible to see some of the first effects. Portraits of Chiang Kai-shek are disappearing from Chinese shop windows and being replaced by those of Sun Yat-sen—it is too risky as yet to show Mao Tse-tung. Last year the Chinese press in Bangkok consisted of one Communist and one non-Communist leftist paper, seven pro-Kuomintang papers, and one Kuomintang organ. At present the Communist organ has a greatly increased circulation, the Kuomintang organ has folded up because of loss of advertising, and almost all the other papers have become pro-Communist. One of Siam's best diplomatic observers estimates, however, that there is probably a "hard core" of only some three thousand real Communists in Bangkok.

The police have frequently raided the Chinese Communists and jailed and deported a few, but Phibun is not sticking his neck out very far. Recently a deputy asked him in Parliament whether it would not "be of benefit to Thailand to observe strict neutrality" in the cold war. Phibun answered that while he was working with America and Britain to check the spread of communism in Siam, he did not propose to be so strongly anti-Communist as to come into open conflict with the Communist powers.

If there are a few thousand Chinese Communists here, there are only a few score real Siamese Communists. Largely because Siam has never gone through a period of anti-imperialist agitation, few of Siam's intellectuals have turned toward communism. The Communist "weekly" *Mahachon* appears only about once a month, apparently for financial reasons, and much of the little support it gets seems to come from local Chinese. However, in recent months, according to some Western observers, four Siamese dailies and weeklies have swung close to the Communist line. They have at any rate run

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articles suggesting very mildly that Chinese communism is not so bad, that it will do no harm, and that there is no reason for following the "line of the imperialists." Other Westerners here insist that these papers are not pro-Communist but merely disgusted with Anglo-American policy. They are edited largely by left-democratic young idealists who have been antagonized by American support for Bao Dai in Indo-China and American failure to give sufficient help to the Republic of Indonesia. These newspapermen are horrified by the atrocities of Marshal Phibun's police, but they find that American and British diplomats, who are so ready to denounce less flagrant violations of civil rights behind the "iron curtain," remain silent about the murder of Siamese democrats. Moreover, the Chinese Communists oppose Phibun, while the Anglo-Americans are friendly with him.

Pension Politics in California

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

II. Who Shall Represent the Aged?

Los Angeles, September 21

A RISING age level brings many problems. By 1975 the aged in the United States will be five or six times as numerous as they were in 1900, having increased two and a half times as rapidly as the whole population. Obviously, the aged have an expanding future in American politics. In the pension movements of California, which has an abnormally large group of old people, one can see the first models of the political machines of the future.

The impecunious aged can only be organized around a single issue—pensions. This fact is perfectly reflected in the famous slogan "Ham 'n' Eggs." With a limited life expectancy "Senior Citizens" are interested in ham and eggs, period. Unable "to get around" as well as they used to, the aged, naturally, allow themselves to be represented by younger men. And the moment an economic interest group—such as are the aged—is both organized and represented by persons belonging to another group, a serious political problem is created.

Since 1933 California has witnessed the rise of three powerful pension movements—the Townsend movement, the Payroll Guarantee Association ("Ham 'n' Eggs"), and the Citizens' Committee for Old-Age Pensions. The last, organized by George H. McLain, put over Proposition No. 4* last year and is fighting to prevent its repeal on November 8. It is to these three groups, organized as non-stock companies with self-perpetuating boards of directors, that the Senior Citizens pay their dues and lend their savings. "Doc" Townsend is a Senior Citizen, but the three movements are controlled by persons "under sixty," not by the members. With a hundred thousand voters interested in a single issue and responding to the leadership of men whose actions they do not control, pension politics becomes a serious matter.

*Proposition No. 4, passed as a constitutional amendment, increased pensions for the aged from $65 to $75 a month and those of the needy blind from $75 to $85.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, a staff contributor, has just written a new book, "California: The Great Exception," to be published in October. Part I of this article, The Revolt of the Blind, appeared on September 10.

OF THE California pension politicians George Henry McLain is the most interesting. Neither Townsend nor Willis and Lawrence Allen, who organized Ham 'n' Eggs, were experienced politicians. In 1933 Townsend was a retired physician temporarily parked at a desk in the office of a Long Beach realtor. The Allens operated the Cinema Advertising Agency ("Gray-Gone," a hair tonic, was one of the things they promoted). McLain, on the other hand, is a product of the free-wheeling non-partisan politics of Los Angeles. In the thirties he ran for office many times, largely, it would appear, for "practice," since he never received a large vote. He also managed campaigns, worked as an investigator on the District Attorney's vice squad, and served as chairman of an assembly-district Democratic club. He was generally acknowledged to be a "smart operator."

When the Allens employed him to manage the Ham 'n' Eggs campaigns in Southern California in 1939, he fashioned a real political organization out of this amorphous mass movement. About the same time the Allens got into a row with Governor Olson and threatened to launch a recall campaign. McLain was engaged by Olson to quash any such action by the oldsters. Two years later, with Mrs. Myrtle Williams, "a widow of means," and one Charles Ohlson, McLain incorporated the Citizens' Committee for Old-Age Pensions. For annual dues of $5 members of the C. C. O. A. P. receive the *National Pension Advocate* and the aid of the staff, including a lawyer, in filling out the forms and marshaling the documents needed to obtain a pension. Since most county welfare offices operate on the principle that old people should be discouraged from applying for pensions, this is a real service.

Offering "$60-at-60," McLain was at a disadvantage in a field in which Townsend was promising $200 a

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month and the Allens $30 every Thursday. To overcome his handicap, McLain hit upon the idea of including "the needy blind" in his benefits. The extraordinary public sympathy for the blind was a major factor in the victory of his Proposition No. 4. Townsend and the Allens had proposed transaction taxes and other wondrous fiscal measures to finance their pension schemes, but McLain decided that it was the legislature's function to worry about taxes. However, to make sure that the legislature performed, his measure provided that the payment of the increased pensions should be a lien on state funds.

WHILE the California pension movements have paid handsome dividends, it would be unfair to call them "rackets." As sole owners of the *Townsend Weekly*, Dr. Townsend and R. Earl Clements, the Long Beach realtor, split a weekly net revenue of $2,000. A Congressional investigation revealed that in 1936 both men had received $79,000 from various subsidiaries which had dealings with O. A. R. P. (Old Age Revolving Pensions). The Cinema Advertising Agency, owned by the Allens, has been paid vast sums for handling the advertising of the Payroll Guarantee Association, which they control. McLain insists that he draws only $55 a week, plus expenses, from the C. C. O. A. P., but he owns an advertising agency which receives a 15 per cent commission on all newspaper and radio advertising placed by the C. C. O. A. P. and on the advertising which appears in the *National Pension Advocate*. Last year the C. C. O. A. P. spent $190,034.68 to put over Proposition No. 4, and it may well spend $1,000,000 to defeat the repeal campaign.

The pension movements are not objectionable merely because the promoters make a profit. What is objectionable is the formation of a large bloc of voters, fanatically attached to a leader and not subject to democratic control. The oldsters are interested only in the success of the particular pension scheme; the promoter may have other political aims. And the promoter has exclusive control of a powerful organization and its campaign funds.

McLain's C. C. O. A. P. owns, debt-free, a $100,000 building in Los Angeles equipped with a radio broadcasting room and approximately $170,000 worth of the latest direct-mail machinery and gadgets. Huge filing cabinets bulge with the names and addresses of California's 6,000,000 registered voters, classified by precinct and party affiliation. Others contain lists of the members of virtually every important business, professional, and interest group in the state. In the Los Angeles office alone McLain has 110 paid employees, as against 30 last spring. The 100,000 members of the C. C. O. A. P. are organized under congressional-district managers, who direct assembly-district captains, who in turn direct precinct leaders. In the current campaign McLain will have a worker in charge of each of California's 16,000 precincts. He is on the air for fifteen minutes every day over some twenty-six minor radio stations, reaching an estimated radio audience of two million. The radio program alone costs around $9,000 a week. All this money comes from the aged and their friends.

I feel especially uneasy about this streamlined political machine because of one fact. In 1942 sources close to Governor Olson gave McLain approximately $3,000 "to help out" with his expenses, that is, in working for Olson's reelection. McLain remained Olson's loyal supporter through the primary, in which Olson made a bad showing, but November found him in the camp of Earl Warren, whom he now proposes to unseat in 1950. I do not cite this sequence of events to show that McLain reneged on a promise—he has an entirely reasonable explanation for the switch in his political affections—but as evidence that political power, when concentrated in one man, is as fluid as mercury. The bills McLain sponsored in 1949 indicate that he intends to build a personal political empire on the allegiance of the aged, the blind, the indigent. Organizations in other states are clamoring for assistance, and McLain is quite sanguine about the national prospects.

The Senior Citizens are not to be criticized for having turned to the pension promoters. They could have died many deaths before any of the established interest groups, including labor, lifted a hand to help them. Unable to organize themselves, they turned to the professional promoter, and so far their judgment has been confirmed. Pensions have been increased from $30 in 1934 to $75 in 1949. Every increase has been forced from society. Unlike some of the other pensions schemes, Proposition No. 4, now Article XXV of the California constitution, contains a number of socially advanced propositions: ". . . assistance shall be administered promptly and humanely, with due regard to the preservation of family life, and without discrimination on account of race, religion, or political affiliation; . . . assistance shall be so administered as to encourage self-respect, self-reliance, and the desire to be a good citizen useful to society." Impressed by these provisions, deeply sympathetic with the plight of the aged, distressed that the repeal campaign should have been launched before Proposition No. 4 was given a fair trial, and angry that certain interests should try to repeal the measure solely to bestow more benefits on themselves, a majority of California voters will probably vote against repeal.

UNFORTUNATELY the election will not settle the main issue, which turns on the difference between real self-government and plebiscite democracy. In a sense the pension movements are democratic; McLain would be given an overwhelming vote of confidence by the members of the C. C. O. A. P. if he were to ask for it.

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But if citizens, blind or seeing, old or young, divest themselves of all responsibility except that of saying "yes" or "no" in a plebiscite, the reality of democratic self-government has vanished. The relationship between McLain and the members of the C. C. O. A. P., although based on a kind of consent, does not meet the specifications of democracy; it is government for, not by, the people.

This difference may determine the success or failure of the welfare state. For example, how will McLain use the formidable political apparatus which he now controls? What candidates will he support? What issues, other than pensions, will he sponsor or oppose? The veto which the larger public retains may be unable to offset the dangers inherent in pension politics of the California variety. Today the Allens, McLain's mortal rivals, are circulating petitions for a grandiose pension scheme to be financed by licensing bookmaking establishments—a project dear to the statesman-like editors of the Hearst press. This particular venture will fail, but sooner or later McLain will have to raise his bid in order, as Veblen would say, "to engross the trade"; and no matter how high he raises it, it will always be topped by a rival bidder. It is crucially important, therefore, that the pension movement should be integrated with some larger social enterprise, say, with labor. If the nation wants to avoid California's pension trouble, it will encourage the labor movement to assume immediate leadership of a campaign for a generous pension program.

A native son, McLain counts four generations of Baptist ministers on his father's side. Over the radio he affects an elaborate piety; in his office he is extremely hard-boiled. His leaflets are masterpieces of corny propaganda, adorned with photographs of poor old Mom with the caption, "Why Do They Hate Me?" His radio speeches sign off with the phrase: "How about it, folks? Are you with me?" George's piety on the air is a bit disconcerting, for as one reporter put it, "he could pass much more readily for a Santa Anita playboy than a champion of righteousness."

Devotionalist or playboy, McLain at forty-seven is a messiah to California's 239,000 pensioners, who regard themselves, with complete justification, as the heralds of a New Deal for aging America. A decade hence McLain may be as familiar a figure in Washington as he is today in Sacramento.

T. U. C.—Leaders Wanted

BY DAVID C. WILLIAMS

London, September 15

THE tripartite conference at Washington to resolve Britain's economic crisis was followed with grim attentiveness by the representatives of the British trade-union movement assembled at Bridlington. This Victorian resort on the Yorkshire coast was the scene of the annual meeting of the Trades Union Congress. Coming in the midst of the parliamentary recess, the meeting enabled one to gauge the response of British labor to the hammer blows which Britain has taken in recent months.

National character is always seen in its purest form among the common people, and the T. U. C. displayed British faults and virtues to the fullest degree. The delegates were obviously uneasy at having their political and economic destinies so largely in the hands of foreigners. Their leaders assured them of the generosity and good-will of the United States, but such words usually fell into painful silence. When Prime Minister Attlee said some people had suggested that "America would seek to interfere with the internal policy of this country," but "the emphatic statement of President Truman at Philadelphia should silence them," the whistles were loud and long. It was about the only point the Communists scored during the week.

Doggedness, loyalty, and self-discipline were very much to the fore. British workers have had at most one round of wage increases since the war, but their assembled representatives indorsed the Labor government's wage-stabilization policy by a vote of better than six to one. Eager to avoid the political and economic damage strikes could do to Labor Britain, they accepted the continuance of compulsory arbitration in labor-management disputes without even a record vote. Though they had been brought up in the belief that profits were morally wrong, they admitted that profits were essential as a stimulus to the efficiency of the more than four-fifths of British industry still privately owned. And they recognized that Britain's economic progress required undistributed profits to be plowed back into industry.

There was no question about the delegates' devotion to Western democracy. The Communists were resoundingly defeated on every issue. A six-to-one vote indorsed the action of the T. U. C. General Council in leaving the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions (W. F. T. U.) and authorized it to proceed with the new international of free trade unions

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whose founding conference will be held in London this November. The next showdown came on the campaign which T. U. C. leaders have been conducting against Communists in the British trade-union movement. Communist strategists sought to avoid the issue by submitting no resolution on the subject, but Sir Will Lawther, this year's chairman and once very much of a fellow-traveler, cut off their retreat. Taking advantage of a seldom-used clause of the T. U. C. constitution, he put the question to the delegates himself, and the anti-Communist campaign was indorsed by a vote of almost nine to one.

Even more revealing was the feebleness of the Communists' challenge on the European Recovery Program. Last year they did not put in a resolution on the subject. This year one was offered by an obscure party hack who contributed the usual denunciations of Wall Street and Yankee imperialism. When he had finished his tirade and stepped down from the rostrum, the chairman asked for a seconder to the resolution. No one raised his voice, and it was therefore defeated without even being put to a vote.

A big factor in assuring smooth passage for the General Council was of course the imminence of the general election, which must come before next August and may come considerably sooner. Nothing that the Communists have done has caused so much indignation as the announcement of their intention to put up a hundred parliamentary candidates. Rank-and-file delegates of the Communist-controlled Electrical Trades Union gave their officers a stern warning: no support, they said, for the candidates of the Communist or any other splinter party which might divide the workers' votes.

WHILE the T. U. C. and its leaders displayed the typical solid British virtues, something more was needed—qualities like enterprise, initiative, and vision. These regrettably were in short supply. Prime Minister Attlee was quite right not to comment on the Washington talks while they were still in progress, but he missed a superb opportunity to use the Congress as a sounding board for a forthright statement on what Britain proposed to do internally to surmount the crisis. He did not even rouse the delegates by a plain warning of the gravity of the situation; it was left for Sir Stafford Cripps in Washington to summon up the prospect of an actual decline in the standard of living. The Labor Party's top leaders seem somehow incapable of speaking with complete frankness.

It may be unfair, therefore, to criticize the leadership of the T. U. C. for the same fault. One delegate did speak up bluntly and bravely, even if he commanded little attention. This was Bryn Roberts, head of the National Union of Public Employees, one of Britain's few industrial unions and greatly disliked by the old-line craft unions. The T. U. C., he said, has made no basic change in its organization for a generation; it is still the ramshackle collection of big and small unions—sometimes as many as a dozen jumbled together in a single factory—that it has always been. The General Council has little real authority and has actually lost prestige since Bevin, Citrine, and the other pre-1945 leaders moved on to posts in the government and on the boards of the nationalized industries. Where, asked Roberts, was the General Council during the unhappy months of the dock strike? The public heard from the strike leaders, from the union officials who were vainly struggling to get the men back to work, from the government, from the dock employers, and from politicians of every color from Tory to Communist, but not a whisper from the T. U. C. General Council, supposedly the authoritative spokesman of British trade unionism. Nor did the council take any part in the trouble on the railways, where inter-union warfare complicated the wages question. Why not give the General Council authority commensurate with the magnitude of its new problems? Too many vested interests, Roberts charged, are involved in the present system of principalities, dukedoms, and chieftainships. He was all but howled down. The weight of tradition bears heavily on a trade unionist, or anyone else in Britain, rash enough to propose a change.

Nothing daunted, Roberts attacked again on a broader front. For several years, he said, the General Council had urged restraint upon the congress. It had yet, however, to propose a positive program for helping Britain forward. What about the multitude of small shopkeepers who batten on the British economy? After four years the president of the Board of Trade finally proposed a 5 per cent cut in the prices of utility goods, to provoke a few healthy bankruptcies, but the step was little in itself and came very late. And what about the cartels and price rings which have strangled British industry for generations? The Labor government had taken a first tentative step against them with the establishment of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission, but its action had little trade-union drive behind it. Though they ritually intone "The Red Flag," British trade unionists seem strangely involved in cooperative arrangements between what they love to call "both sides of industry," and almost as reluctant as employers to encourage anything so disorderly as competition.

One must be fair here and recognize the average British unionist's ingrained fear of working himself out of a job. Fear of the return of unemployment is mentioned over and over again in the General Council's report on the productivity drive. The workers are not yet at heart convinced that even a Labor government can maintain full employment. And they are fully conscious that the Tories may return to power and reverse Labor's policies, bringing the unemployment of the inter-war years back with them. The ironic thing is that this very fear is now

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obstructing the full production which is the foundation of full employment.

The T. U. C. General Council looked back with solid satisfaction upon Britain's achievements. Production is 25 per cent, exports 50 per cent, above the pre-war level. Labor costs have increased less in Britain than in any of the other countries recently surveyed by the U. N. Economic Commission for Europe, including the United States. Productivity per man-hour is up 18 per cent over the period 1935-38, a record exceeded only by Sweden.

This progress, however, has been largely achieved by working harder along traditional lines. What is now needed is a fresh approach, breaking with outworn traditions. It was that which the trade unionists at Bridlington were seeking, and it is that which the Labor government must somehow provide.

Catholic Labor Wins a Strike

BY MILLER STEWART

London, Ontario, September 20

CANADA'S eighteen-weeks-long strike of asbestos workers which ended last June was one of the most important labor battles in the dominion's history. Before it was settled, the policy of the most firmly established arm of the Roman Catholic Church in North America had been vitally affected, a phase of American industrial imperialism had been challenged, and important labor alliances had been negotiated. The racial, religious, political, and industrial issues raised by the strike even influenced the outcome of the recent Canadian general election.

Some 85 per cent of the world's asbestos fiber comes from a narrow corridor running from the Vermont border roughly northeast to the city of Quebec. Much of this is produced by the Johns-Manville mine at Asbestos. To French-speaking Quebec, industry came late, and was imposed abruptly on a peasant economy. The province's large families, supported by subsistence agriculture, created an abundant labor supply contented with a modest standard of living. Education, firmly in the hands of the Roman Catholic church, fostered devotion and cheerful resignation in the humble. Collective bargaining through unions of their own choice came even later to Quebec workers. Only after Ontario was fairly well organized did the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. move into Quebec as mass movements.

The Catholic clergy were quick to see the tremendous social pull of the union halls and the great influence of the union organizer and soon acted to form local unions along religious and racial lines. The head man in each local was usually the chaplain, and the chaplain was almost invariably the local curé. The charge that the clergy knew little or nothing about collective bargaining, industrial techniques, or company structure availed little against the counter-claim that the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions might be Communist or Free Mason in principle. Where the international unions were well established they could hardly be uprooted, but the low wages, long hours, and blank prospects of promotion left many vacuums into which the new movement flowed. Employers often welcomed this set-up, for their employee relations had been conducted under clerical auspices for years. Traditionally, the way to settle a Quebec labor dispute had been to make a contribution to the altar fund of the local church.

At present Quebec organized labor, numbering some 300,000 workers, is divided into three groups of about equal size—the Congress of Labor (largely C. I. O.), the Trades and Labor Congress (largely A. F. of L.), and the Catholic syndicates. In the last dozen years or so the syndicates have become less like sodalities and more like genuine bargaining agents, principally, of course, because they have had to keep up with the bargaining ability of the internationals. In this metamorphosis the chaplain's power has waned, and the steward's and shop committee's functions have expanded. The attitude toward employers has stiffened to the extent that the syndicates on occasion have taken successful strike action. The syndicates' relations with international unions have been something less than cordial because of the internationals' natural suspicion that the Quebec government and its Labor Department tended to favor the French Catholic organizations. Certainly the Duplessis government which regained power in 1944 took little pains to conceal its preference for unions of Quebec origin.

When the demagogic Duplessis, Quebec counterpart of Huey Long, gained another smashing victory in 1948, he and his Labor Minister, Antonio Barrette, presented in the Quebec legislature a bill much on the lines of the Taft-Hartley act but even more reactionary. After some months of labor unrest there had been signs of a rapprochement among the various elements of Quebec labor, and the government's proposed measure sealed the new unity. All three federations denounced the bill and raised a joint fund of $200,000 to fight it.

Just at this time the Asbestos miners, fearing the slow

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and doubtful process of arbitration by the Department of Labor, to which they had agreed, and tired of the lengthy and inconclusive negotiations with the adamantine Johns-Manville Company, struck for an increase of 15 cents per hour over the 85 cents they were getting. They also asked for better working conditions, further dust elimination, union security, and warnings of proposed changes in promotion, disciplinary, and incentive procedures.

To see this strike in clear perspective one must go back to the 1937 strike at the Johns-Manville mine. The company was amazed at this spontaneous, unorganized outburst of dissatisfaction and granted most of the men's demands. A local labor syndicate was then formed and a collective work agreement signed. For twelve years, until January 31, 1949, annual agreements were made and differences amicably settled.

The miners' abrupt reconsideration of their decision to submit their case to provincial arbitration was the result of Quebec labor's complete loss of faith in Duplessis' sense of justice and good-will. The strike was promptly declared illegal by the Quebec Labor Council, an organization that had declared every other Quebec strike illegal. Under provincial law a union is summarily decertified for participating in an illegal strike.

The Johns-Manville spokesman during negotiations and the strike was Yvon Savourin, provincial leader of the Conservative Party and arranger of the coalition between Maurice Duplessis and George Drew, the Conservatives' nominee for Prime Minister of Canada. During the federal election campaign, which ran concurrently with the later stages of the strike, the issue was popularly oversimplified to "The Conservatives are for the company—the Liberals are for the strikers." When the votes were counted, Duplessis, whose party holds eighty-two of the ninety-two provincial seats, was able to deliver only one of eighty-three federal Quebec seats.

THE swing to the left of the French Canadian Roman Catholic church marks the strike as a landmark in Canadian affairs. Perhaps a majority of the strikers would have returned to their jobs in meek submission to superior economic strength but for the support of the church. From the outset Father Louis Philippe Camirand, the Asbestos parish priest, was heart and soul for the strikers, and as chaplain of the syndicate he was responsible for the excellent discipline that held the outbreaks of violence to widely separated episodes.

A local curé siding with his flock in a labor dispute was not unheard of, but the statement of the Archbishop of Montreal, "It is the church's duty to intervene," shattered precedent with a crash. Appeals for aid to strikers' families were made from the pulpits, and collections were taken at church doors. Such solidarity galvanized the strikers, and the affair became a life-or-death struggle for the survival of the Catholic labor movement in Quebec. Duplessis exerted every influence to have the church alter its stand, even going to the length of withholding provincial grants for social studies from Catholic universities. But bitter experience had convinced the clergy, high and low, that "the church loses all when it loses the working classes."

No small factor in winning widespread public support for the miners was the stupidly brutal use of the provincial police, who were called in at the request of the company to "protect property" and lodged in company-owned premises. They were guilty of indecency, drunkenness, and violence. The officers admitted that each man was paid a bonus of $50 a week by the company.

Maurice Duplessis

The company was bewildered and deeply hurt by the action of its employees. It thought that the injustices of 1937 had been largely remedied. The soothing assurances of its employee-relations experts had made it feel that old resentments had been overcome by gifts of watches, company newspapers, bowling alleys, and dust precipitators. That the rate of pay for its Quebec employees was little more than half what it paid in the United States seemed justified by a supposed difference in the cost of living. Because working conditions were much better in Asbestos than in Thetford Mines and Black Lake, the other asbestos mining centers to which the strike spread, Johns-Manville officials felt that their company was discriminated against.

American firms, owning 36 per cent of Canadian industry, have not learned that a world of difference exists between Quebec and, say, New Jersey. The French Canadian lives in another world, and it takes patient study, warm understanding, and genuine human sympathy to evolve a pattern of company behavior into which he can fit without friction. The fact that the differences between English-speaking Canadians and Americans are on a wholly different plane complicates the problem.

There is some question whether the final settlement of the strike was the complete victory that the miners claim, but the settlement will be forgotten long before the indirect results of the strike have passed. The Quebec labor situation will never be the same again. Every worker in the province felt that he had a share in the struggle. Jurisdictional lines were forgotten, and labor presented a united front in Quebec for the first time in history. The church has crossed the Rubicon beside which it camped so irresolutely in the past. With this new outlook, Quebec workers will no longer accept lower industrial standards than their brothers.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Cheap Pounds: Dear Dollars

"THE time has now arrived for making fundamental readjustments in the present patterns of trade and production," said Eugene R. Black, president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, in reporting to the Board of Governors on September 13. There were, he continued, several necessary lines of action, the first being "establishment of a system of exchange rates which will assist the dollar-deficit countries to compete effectively in world markets." Since he spoke, this step has been taken by Britain and a large number of other countries. Many more are considering similar measures, and it may be that in a few weeks all but a handful of currencies will have been cheapened in terms of dollars.

This wholesale revision of exchange rates represents an attempt to end the dollar shortage which has been a stumbling-block to international trade for many years but particularly since the close of World War II. Even though augmented by very large American loans and gifts to other countries, the supply of dollars entering world commerce has been far less than the demand. There is no need here to analyze in detail the reasons. The point is that most other countries have been unable to earn enough dollars by selling their goods and services to the United States to pay for those American products which they could not easily dispense with.

In accordance with the law of supply and demand an attempt is now being made to correct the situation by bidding up the price of dollars. Foreign countries are offering more pounds, guilders, kronen, rupees, and so forth to those who have dollars to sell. Before September 18, for example, an English manufacturer buying an American machine-tool costing $4,000 would have obtained those dollars by buying a draft on New York for approximately £1,000. Today he would have to pay £1,425. On the other hand, an American merchant ordering £1,000 worth of British leather goods will now be able to procure the necessary sterling for $2,800 instead of $4,000.

What it comes to is that in terms of goods dollars have become dearer and the devalued currencies cheaper. "Look here," says John Bull to Uncle Sam, "I have been exchanging a yard of good worsted for a hundredweight of your wheat: now I will offer 1⅓ yards." John Bull's hope, of course, is that such bargains will induce Uncle Sam to buy far more of his goods, so that in the end he will earn more dollars. But he can give better value only at the cost of some fall in his standard of living. As an immediate result of devaluation, for instance, the price of the standard British loaf is being raised from 4½ pence to 5½ pence or more, because more pounds must be paid for American and Canadian wheat. Thus a British worker earning £6 for a forty-five-hour week—a representative wage—will now earn five and four-fifths loaves in an hour instead of seven. No wonder the Labor government was reluctant to devalue the pound!

While a cheaper pound serves to depress the British standard of living, a dearer dollar tends to raise ours. Since American goods will cost them more, devaluing countries will reduce purchases as far as possible and seek cheaper sources of supply. And this lessened demand may exert some deflationary pressure on some American commodity prices. Many of the goods we buy from foreign countries will also cost us less. In the last few days prices of such commodities as rubber, cocoa, and pepper, which are largely imported from the sterling area, have fallen in terms of dollars but, in anticipation of an increased demand in this country, have risen in terms of pounds. When markets settle down after adjusting themselves to the new exchange rates, American prices of some imported raw materials will be lower, although they may not reflect the full 30 per cent cut in the value of sterling. Many foreign manufactured goods will also be marked down. Prices of British automobiles, for instance, have already been reduced by 20 per cent or more, and those of most other British products sold here are likely to follow suit, the extent of the reduction depending on demand in relation to the capacity of the British manufacturers to meet it. The greatest advantage from dearer dollars will be received by those Americans in a position to consume the goods and services of devaluing countries on the spot. Although in time this advantage may be partially offset by a rise in prices, the cut in the cost of pounds and other currencies represents a bonus to American tourists.

As consumers, then, we stand to gain from dearer dollars. However, the effect on the cost of living may not be very noticeable, since even if the volume of foreign goods entering the market were doubled, it would still represent only about 4 per cent of America's gross output. Producers using foreign raw materials—makers of chocolate, for example—are also likely to benefit from lower costs. On the other hand, manufacturers of high-grade woolen and other fabrics, shoes, china, cutlery, and a good many other products must expect sharper competition from imports. Industries doing a large export business, including producers of heavy chemicals, machine-tools, railroad equipment, and electrical goods, expect to find themselves underbid more frequently in overseas markets by European rivals. The outlook for the export business of the movie companies is particularly dim. Their earnings from abroad are related to box-office receipts, and it is doubtful whether foreign fans of Bogart and Bergman will be willing to pay more to compensate American movie-makers for the fact they will receive fewer dollars for the pounds, kronen, and so forth their pictures earn abroad.

The currency-devaluation movement implies, therefore, adjustments in the economy of this country as well as others. It will tend to increase imports and decrease exports and generally will mean heightened competition, with disagreeable results for some American producers. Some of them will howl, and their cries of anguish will be echoed on Capitol Hill. But any attempt to obstruct this effort of other nations to make their goods more competitive would be fatal. For it is only by accepting more foreign goods that the United States can hope to produce that balance between the supply of dollars and the demand for them without which there will never be a healthy recovery of international trade.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Essays and Asides

DONDERO AND DADA

BY WELDON KEES

SINCE early in March a Congressman named George A. Dondero, from the Chicago *Tribune* section of Michigan, has been sounding off in the House of Representatives from time to time on the subject of modern art. Like Hitler, Sir Alfred Munnings, R. A., Winston Churchill, and Stalin's art critic Kemenev, who calls modern art "hideous and revolting," Mr. Dondero is a most vocal and impassioned enemy of modernism. "Human art termites" in this country, it seems, are "boring industriously to destroy the high standards and priceless traditions of academic art." Subversive elements are at work throughout the art world—among the critics of all the New York papers and art magazines, in the Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Fogg Museum, and even on the board of judges of the Hallmark Christmas Card Company. Things have reached a stage where "most of the finest artists that our nation numbers no longer exhibit at all." (It would be interesting to have the names of these manacled creators, but Mr. Dondero keeps a dignified silence as to their identity.)

Although the Congressman has admitted he seldom visits an art gallery or museum, he has picked up a fairly wide range of aversions. In a warming spread-eagle manner that any servant of the people might envy, he calls "the roll of infamy without claim that [his] list is all-inclusive: dadaism, futurism, constructionism, suprematism, cubism, expressionism, surrealism, and abstractionism. All these isms are of foreign origin and truly should have no place in American art."

Now Mr. Dondero is something of a Dadaist himself; and though his performance thus far does not quite rank him a place with, say, either Tristan Tzara or the Ritz brothers, he is improving as he goes along. Indeed, Dondero's most recent performance, late this summer, is far and away his most impressive. Currently there are at least four highly esteemed methods of attacking modern painters: (a) they are insane; (b) they "cannot draw" (cherubs, picturesque old houses, pigs killing reptiles, pretty girls, etc.) ; (c) they are engaged in a sinister conspiracy to make the bourgeoisie nervous and unsure of themselves; (d) they are Communist propagandists.

On August 16 Mr. Dondero chose the last method, and charged that modern art is—lock, stock, and barrel—a weapon of the Kremlin. The fact that the nationalist academicism he approves is also the official and only permissible art under the Stalinist dictatorship does not appear to trouble him at all—a Dadaist maneuver of the highest order. To add to the comic spirit of the affair, Stalin's American followers, the most devotedly solemn Dadaists of our time, have been busy with manifestoes protesting against the Congressman's line, even though many of the artists he attacks—Kandinsky, Braque, Duchamp, Ernst, Miró, Seligmann, Dali—are precisely those branded in Russia as "bourgeois formalists" and "degenerate lackeys of a dying capitalism."

While there is a school of thought which believes Dondero should not be mentioned by name, since he is motivated, it is said, solely by a desire for publicity and enjoys seeing his name in print in any context, I cannot believe that a man of his talents can be publicized too much. What the Washington spokesman for the most reactionary wing in American art circles has to say ought to have the widest possible notoriety. When Mr. Dondero refers to Thomas Craven as the "foremost art critic in the United States," as he does, or echoes Thomas Hart Benton's charge that "many . . . effeminate elect . . . blanket our museums of art from Maine to California," or declares that "art which does not portray our beautiful country in plain, simple terms . . . is therefore opposed to our government, and those who create and promote it are our enemies," let his remarks reach audiences as sizable as those of Arthur Godfrey and "John's Other Wife." When Mr. Dondero follows the Marxist line that art is a weapon, as he does throughout his latest attack, the metropolitan press should give his remarks the fullest space.

Look, Mr. Dondero, art is not a weapon, no matter how insistently you, the Nazis, and the Communists maintain that it is. Persons desiring to make weapons do not become artists—a very difficult, uneasy, and ambiguous proceeding—but engage instead in pamphleteering, speech-making, gunpowder manufacture, advertising, the designing of flame-throwers, and so on. The man who looks at a painting and inquires about the political opinions of the artist may be an idiot or merely tiresome; he is totally unconcerned with the nature of painting. As painters we have no concern with politics; as men we are in the midst of them. Our world entails a vast individual schizophrenia, and not to grasp this is to enter a community of dwarfs. The painter who "takes no interest" in politics may be that much less a human being; the painter whose political opinions are fashionable or vicious is that much less a human being, though the machinery for evaluating the purity of one's political opinions, Mr. Dondero and others, has not yet been perfected. I throw out these dogmatisms and one other: works of art have been created by Populists, Whigs, Tories, Laborites, Liberals, Jacobins, Democrats, Socialists, Republicans, Anarchists, Monarchists, and men with no political opinions worth speaking of. None, whether American, French, German, English, Spanish, Swiss, African, Dutch, or of any other nationality known to me, have attempted to portray their countries in plain or simple terms. They have been engaged in tasks much more arduous, complex, and enduring.

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The Man in the Kremlin

STALIN. A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By I. Deutscher. Oxford University Press. $5.

AT THE outbreak of World War II Isaac Deutscher, a Polish journalist, found himself stranded in London, where he had been the correspondent of Polish newspapers. He soon joined the editorial staffs of the London *Economist* and the *Observer*, to serve them well as interpreter of the European and especially of the Russian scene. In the volume under discussion, the first of an intended trilogy on the lives of Stalin, Lenin, and Trotsky, Mr. Deutscher attempts to write as objectively as is possible a thorough study of the most controversial character of our time. The immense difficulty of his task is obvious if one considers that Stalin not only lives behind many iron curtains but has continuously been rewriting his life story to suit his needs—"it is like an enormous palimpsest, whose many scripts are superimposed upon one another, each written by a different hand, each giving a different version of events."

Mr. Deutscher has compared, checked, and cross-checked the conflicting versions. His findings constitute a very readable history of the Soviet Union, of the development of the Leninf faction of the Social Democratic Party of czarist Russia into the victorious Communist Party and its gradual transformation into an obedient instrument at the disposal of the authoritarian leader of a new privileged ruling class. As far as the private life of Stalin is concerned, the biographer's findings remain limited, partly by necessity—the want of trustworthy and checkable information about his subject and the abundance of obvious falsifications of his life story—and partly by the political reporter's inclination "to study the politics rather than the private affairs of public men." One may sympathize with this inclination and yet wish for more information about the character, the tastes, and the personal ambitions of a man who is not merely a public man among others but who, although thirty years ago he surpassed his "Old Bolshevik" comrades in nothing but crude ruthlessness, has become their master and executioner, the absolute ruler of one-sixth of the globe, and the head of a worldwide secular church whose fanatical members fight for freedom in a dictator's name.

In order to accomplish the objective task he set out to do—and has succeeded in doing—Mr. Deutscher continually accords Stalin every benefit of doubt, searching for the impersonal reasons for such travesties of justice as the witch trials and other methods of government by character assassination and murder. He evokes the vision of Alexander Blok's poem "The Scythians" in order to find a clue to the mood and the "instinctive attitudes of the Russian people" toward the West and Stalin's foreign policy, and he evokes Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor scene from "The Brothers Karamazov" to explain the liquidation of the Old Bolsheviks and the transformation of bolshevism into something else. Granted the stimulating value of such excursions, this reviewer cannot accept the fatalism from which they seem to proceed, or envision Lenin and Marx kissing the ninety-year-old Stalin as if they acquiesced in the tyranny which he sustains in their names. And one doubts whether the instincts of the suffering Russian people have any deep influence on the present Russian policy in the United Nations. It seems to me rather that William Morris was right when he formulated the underlying problem less pretentiously: "Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant, and others have to fight for what they meant under another name."

By stressing obvious parallels Mr. Deutscher puts Stalin, in spite of his intellectual shortcomings, on the same plane with Cromwell, Robespierre, and Napoleon. In so doing he seems to me to overlook the fact that modern means of communication enable the mediocre but ruthless man to hold power much longer and more effectively than would have been possible in an earlier day, when by necessity he would have been dependent on intelligent and individualistic collaborators instead of being himself omnipresent by radio and airplane. The continuous deterioration of the art of government all over the world, which seems to increase in geometric ratio to the perfection of government techniques, makes comparisons of this sort to a great extent meaningless.

Although Mr. Deutscher was a Communist in his early youth (he was expelled from the party in 1932 for urging an alliance with the Socialists against the Nazis), he avoids the ineffective tone of the renegade. Occasionally, even, he strains too hard for scientific detachment, with the result that the pressure of circumstances in the forming of Stalin's politics appears to be overemphasized. Mr. Deutscher has done excellent work in sifting and assembling all the known facts of Stalin's career. One may differ with some of his interpretations or wish for a more extensive treatment of Stalin's corrupting influence on the international labor movement, but expert and student alike will study his work with great profit. A first-rate reporter's job, it corrects many of the distortions which pro- and anti-Stalinists continually produce and is for this reason alone of great value. It prepares the ground for productive thinking and should help those innumerable people everywhere who are groping toward a new social philosophy.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The United Nations Story

THE TASK OF NATIONS. By Herbert Vere Evatt. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

IT IS one of the dismal ironies of our time that books about war and the rumors of war have an intense fascination for the reading public, while volumes concerned with world organizations for peace are considered dull.

In the entire history of the League of Nations perhaps a dozen worth-while books about its struggle and failure attracted more than passing attention. None, certainly, survive as required reading today. The United Nations story is following the same pattern, and a deadly pattern it is. Nearly everyone says piously that the United Nations is the last hope of the world for peace, but it is evident that few really believe it. Newspaper editors, for instance, pay scant attention in general to the few hopeful developments in the dark world

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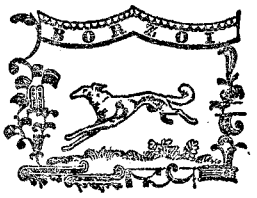
scene because they believe the trend is all the other way. Book publishers are only following the judgment in their sparing treatment of the United Nations.

A book about the United Nations, and a favorable book at that, therefore appears as a small miracle because it is bucking a trend. The latest of the very few which have appeared is "The Task of Nations," by Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt, a personal and episodic volume which skims over the high spots of four years of heart-breaking and scantily appreciated effort. As the president of the third session of the General Assembly in Paris, as Australia's Minister of External Affairs, as the leader of that group of small and middle powers which have sought to give balance and direction to the United Nations, Dr. Evatt is well qualified to tell the story. As an information sourcebook on the Palestine, Greek, and Indonesian cases the volume is particularly helpful. Perhaps because of haste, perhaps because of the scheme of the book, other subjects are merely sketched in. But when Dr. Evatt describes the major role he played in the passage of the partition resolution, which made possible the birth of Israel, he is relating history in the first person. Similarly, his account of his country's championship of the Indonesian Republic and his story of the joint efforts he made with Secretary General Trygve Lie and Argentina's Juan Bramuglia to solve the Berlin crisis are accurate and interesting.

He is probably over-optimistic on the long-term possibility of an American-Russian rapprochement through the United Nations and perhaps over-pessimistic in believing that the movement for a limited world federation will harm the United Nations. But his opinions in any case are worthy of attention and consideration.

There is material in Dr. Evatt's book to touch the heart and conscience of mankind and fire the world's imagination into a quest for a way to end wars. He hasn't attempted to use his material in this manner, preferring rather to spin a personal, factual tale. Until the United Nations story is written with the dash and fire and overwhelming purpose it deserves, it will continue to lie neglected and the public that wants peace will go on reading about war.

JOHN HOHENBERG



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Responsible Fantasy

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. Text by Willy Ley; Paintings by Chesley Bonestell. The Viking Press. $3.95.

THIS volume of what might be called responsible fantasy makes fascinating looking as well as fascinating reading and is a remarkably handsome book for the price. The many full-page pictures, some in color, some in black and white, are eerily beautiful in themselves, and they have the approval of an authority at Palomar so far as perspective and the other verifiable scientific aspects are concerned. Most of them represent the landscape of some heavenly body as one looks out toward another, and they provoke the observation that if hell is a city much like London, then Mercury and Venus are a super Arizona.

The text is by Willy Ley, a very well-equipped student of the history of science who attempts here to project that history into the future age of rocket travel. As in his previous "The Lungfish, the Dodo, and the Unicorn," Mr. Ley inevitably likes to lean a trifle in the direction of the more picturesque possibility—he believes, for instance, that an earthly species of lichen might survive if transplanted to Mars and that "as of 1949: the canals do exist"—though of course that doesn't necessarily imply inhabitants. But he plays perfectly fair with the reader, takes up one by one the impediments to interplanetary travel, and indicates just how clearly the possibility of overcoming them can be seen.

Here is the reviewer's summary of some of his contentions. A rocket capable of going high enough to become a satellite of the earth instead of falling back upon it would require a velocity about three times the highest yet produced; "but nobody doubts any more that it can be done." In all such calculations the mass ratio (take-off weight divided by weight of rocket when fuel is exhausted) is of prime importance, and a "ship" capable of going to the moon and back would have to have a mass ratio of 20:1 as compared to the V-2's 3:1—even if we imagine an exhaust velocity of its fuel gases at four miles per second as compared with the two miles per second which is the best so far achieved. But in recent years progress has been so rapid that the conditions required do not seem beyond the realm of moderately proximate possibility. An atomic fuel might easily produce them and lead on to the consideration of the requirement for reaching and returning from a planet instead of our satellite.

Mr. Ley thinks the shielding of passengers from radiation would be easy, though he admits that the place of take-off would probably remain uninhabitable for at least a short time. The problems of survival in a planet's atmosphere, exposed to its heat or cold, are temporarily postponed; so is most consideration of what it would be like in the ship when *g* was zero—that is, during that period when nothing had any weight at all because the gravitational pull of the earth was completely neutralized by that of the planet being approached. Mr. Ley says nothing at all about the problem of recruiting the first interplanetary explorers, but perhaps that will be no problem. It is said that the station at Los Alamos has received many letters from individuals who request to be allowed to go aloft in a V-2.

In any event, the manner of this book is admirably suited to the layman who wants something more responsible than Jules Verne or science fiction. The technicalities are presented in a form not difficult to understand at the cost of a reasonable degree of attention.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Caribbean from Yale

FREEDOM AND WELFARE IN THE CARIBBEAN: A COLONIAL DILEMMA. By Annette Baker Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE Yale Institute of International Relations has produced a study which might have been entitled "How to write a book about the Caribbean without going there." Annette Baker Fox, without setting foot in the Caribbean colonies, has assembled and analyzed the literature of the subject in much the same way as a research expert might compile a memorandum for a State Department chief when he had to attend a Caribbean economic conference. The question naturally arises: how good can a book be which is so entirely derivative? The answer in this case is: pretty good—considering.

The colonial dilemma, as Mrs. Fox sees it in the colonies of the Caribbean, "America's most vulnerable area," is how to "develop a widely distributed higher standard of living for their dependent peoples and accede to demands for greater autonomy at the same time." The standard of living of the Caribbean colonies is certainly low; they cannot, or at any rate do not, supply their own manufactured goods; they are at the mercy of world market conditions; they cannot live without special relief from the "imperialist" powers; and at the same time their political leaders want to bite the hand that feeds them by achieving more and more self-government both in politics and economics.

This is the colonial dilemma everywhere, and because American policy is the dominant fact in the Caribbean area it is *our* dilemma there. Mrs. Fox sees clearly that, no matter how anomalous it may seem, both Great Britain and the United States must continue to give aid with one hand in the field of welfare and relinquish power in the political field with the other hand. The dependent peoples of the area must be lifted by economic and educational measures to the level at which the final gift of democratic rule will be a boon and not a farce. The author rightly praises the constructive work of the Caribbean Commission, the British Development and Welfare Fund, our po-

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litical and economic generosity in Puerto Rico, and the cooperative West Indian Conference, which is an offshoot of the Caribbean Commission. She has the sagacity to see that birth control underlies almost all the fundamental social reforms in the area.

Although Mrs. Fox has arrived at nearly all the right answers, her book is not a good introduction to the subject for the general reader. It is rather an academic problem-analysis of one segment of the regional difficulties, without color and without evidence of first-hand contact with West Indians. There are no maps or charts, no detailed physical descriptions of the area —not even a population table. The French and Dutch colonies are entirely omitted; and the discussion is confined so exclusively to Puerto Rico and to Jamaica and the other large British colonies that the title is quite a misnomer. The bibliography is not consolidated or evaluated, and I could not find a single quotation from the newspapers of the area.

Perhaps we should not judge the Yale Institute of International Relations too harshly for trying to understand the Caribbean from New Haven and Washington, since our own State Department is full of absentee "authorities." During almost the whole time of my service in the State Department in connection with the colonial Caribbean, the official in charge of the British Caribbean desk of the department had never set foot in the Caribbean. And she, too, was a very nice lady! PAUL BLANSHARD

Two Novels

FEAR NO EVIL. By Hugh Massingham. Random House. $3.

THE WITNESS. By Jean Bloch-Michel. Pantheon. $2.50.

"FEAR NO EVIL" carries as an epigraph a sentence from Donne which succinctly describes Mr. Massingham's theme: "Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare." The best days of the Reverend "Bobs" Dewson come when he forsakes the conventional and entirely external "goodness" which has made him a popular Church of England clergyman in a rural parish, a darling of old ladies, a twentieth-century embodiment of Kingsley's ideal "muscular Christian." Smug and hearty, he smokes not, neither does he drink or fornicate. He is ceaselessly occupied with "works." Nothing has ever really happened to him except success. But his son goes wrong, and in an effort to get him out of England and away from the police, Dewson falls into bad company, into the arms of a light woman, and into material ruin. "Fear No Evil" is a Christian allegory in reverse. The deadly sins to which the hero succumbs make him a better human being as he painfully achieves self-knowledge.

After a spate of patly written summer fiction, Mr. Massingham's careful and unpretentious prose is refreshing. Yet for all the sharpness of individual vignettes—a luncheon for the bishop, a parish festival, a frightening seduction —this is an imperfect novel, annoyingly so since it is very good in parts. Allegory destroys it. The subtle perceptions, the symbols and ironic contrasts can never quite gloss over the tedium as the entirely predictable moral drama unfolds. True to their allegorical function, the characters have no shadings. They are powerful grotesques. The hero, indeed, is so much a caricature that belief in his final humanization requires an act of faith on the part of the reader.

Mr. Massingham is always dissipating the occasional great force of his allegory because, after all, he is writing a novel. The only solution to an allegory is a clear-cut answer to the moral problems it propounds. "Fear No Evil" conveys the genial assurance that the hero is made better by his social and professional ruin. The question of the beneficial effect of the experience of evil on the human personality is a ticklish one, and Mr. Massingham's answer verges on sentimentality. "Fear No Evil" and its protagonist remind me most of all of "The Blue Angel" and Emil Jannings.

"The Witness," originally selected for publication by Albert Camus, formulates an equally dubious and sentimental moral. Cast in the tight form of the French *nouvelle*, it is very tidy and plausible. The narrator, who plans suicide as soon as he has told his story, is burdened with guilt. Twice he has failed to act when action has been imperative. His brother drowns in his presence (it would have been impossible to save him); from a distance he sees his wife,

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who has joined the Resistance, taken by the Gestapo and does not intervene, although action would have been futile. The sin for which he must kill himself is that "when Michel was dying, when Claude was on the brink of vanishing, I chose to live alone. I scorned the ties binding me to them."

This predicament is carefully stated, and is the more compelling because, in a measure, something like it must have happened to every human being. When one asks oneself what good would have been served by allowing oneself to drown or by giving oneself up, the answer is simply that it is good to feel that one belongs, vaguely and indefinitely, to humanity in general. M. Bloch-Michel's young man is remarkably unpleasant and selfish. But his guilt is largely a figment of his neurosis. ERNEST JONES

A New Chronicle

UPON THIS CONTINENT. By Abel Plenn. Creative Age Press. $3.50.

MR. PLENN starts a little Freedom Train of his own, running down the side tracks of our history in many places, carrying original documents from the Zuni creation myth to the election of President Truman as described by Meyer Berger in the New York *Times* the day after the miracle. I say "side tracks" because for the most part the documents the author has reproduced, and tied together with a running commentary of his own, are not familiar to the layman, and the reading of them gives us glimpses of territory untrod by the average historian.

Mr. Plenn did the same sort of thing for our neighbors to the South in "The Southern Americas." A native of Mexico, raised in Texas, he devotes considerable space to the Southwestern documents and seems to take it for granted that up in the Northeast we have conned all the early papers, a compliment by no means deserved. His interlacing comments are more lyrical, in the ejaculatory style of Norman Corwin out of Walt Whitman, than they are informative—"We rolled in like God's wheel. This was the promised land. We rolled in to stay"; but what the author calls A New Chronicle of America was well worth doing and is well worth your reading.

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Verse Chronicle

HERE is a new kind of item from the New Directions Press, a very tiny paper-bound number, smaller even than the Haldemann-Julius little blue books: "Twenty-seven Night Sonnets," by Elliott Coleman, printed in Milan, Italy, and priced for sale in this country, if you can get one of the 450 copies issued, at 50 cents. There is hardly a good sonnet in the twenty-seven, for Mr. Coleman, using the Shakespearean form, seems almost invariably to fall flat on his face when it comes to the final couplet, so much so that you sometimes suspect he may be doing it on purpose, as an ironic trick. If so, he has better ones: that of using a quotation, usually associated with a sentimental context, and following it up with a blunt comment of his own:

Earth has not anything to show more fair
Than April lights in the smoked-out railroad yards

and

What is so rare as a day in June?
It better
Not get much rarer, I should think:
the pause
At sunrise or at sunset, mainly the latter,
Is more than I can fill.

You can see, from just that little evidence, that Mr. Coleman does not write badly at all: he has a sense of irony, a boldness of statement, and a good deal of imaginative capacity at varying the rhythms of his lines. He makes effective use of the off-rhyme and thereby helps keep the familiar sonnet clichés away; and sometimes he is just plain lazy and doesn't bother at all to rhyme the odd lines. Weaknesses, yes; but withal the play of an interesting mind.

"The Arrivistes: Poems, 1940-1949," by Louis Simpson, was also printed overseas, by Union of Paris, and is sold here by the Fine Editions Press for $2. This is a good buy. Don't be put off by the earnest, polysyllabic, heavily littish introduction by Theodore Hoffman. Mr. Simpson is twenty-six; he knows quite a lot about writing. He manages, with skill, quite a variety of forms; understands about placing rhymes elsewhere than on the righthand side of the page; can break or draw out his rhythms. A nice change of pace, and good control. Some of the poems are flops, but there's usually something bold or imaginative in the intention; among the items I like I might mention Jamaica, The Warrior's Return, Invitation to a Quiet Life, Seascape, Ballad of the Beery Boys, The Lady and the Lion, A Witty War, Laertes in Paris, Song: "Rough winds do shake," and this sonnet called Summer Storm—

In that so sudden summer storm they
tried
Each bed, couch, closet, carpet, car-seat,
table,
Both river-banks, five fields, a mountain
side,
Covering as much ground as they were
able.

A lady, coming on them in the dark
In a white fixture, wrote to the
newspapers
Complaining of the statues in the park.
By Cupid, but they cut some pretty capers!

The envious oxen in still rings would
stand
Ruminating. Their sweet incessant plows
I think had changed the contours of the
land
And made two modest conies move their
house.

God rest them well, and firmly shut the
door.
Now they are married Nature breathes
once more.

As a satirist Mr. Simpson can beat the pants off our most recently acclaimed aspirant, if you know what, whom, I mean; and in all this he manages to write, with both information and technique, in a very high-spirited manner indeed. You can feel his own sense of enjoyment in what he is doing, and that is a pretty rare accomplishment in this generation. ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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Books in Brief

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, FRIEND OF MAN. By John A. Pollard. Houghton, Mifflin Company. $6. A long, meticulously documented biography, woefully lacking in depth or shading or critical insight. Mr. Pollard counters the crude Freudianism of Albert Mordell's "Quaker Militant" by going to the opposite extreme and declining to probe at all below the surface of Whittier's personal life. His treatment of Whittier's public career as Abolitionist and humanitarian—the aspect of his subject that most attracts him—is equally one-dimensional. A satisfactory modern study of Whittier still remains to be written.

FERMENT IN THE FAR EAST. By Mary A. Nourse. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75. A remarkably compact and readable history of Eastern and Southeastern Asia. The countries are separately treated, but their histories are deftly interrelated.

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II: CORAL SEA, MIDWAY, AND SUBMARINE ACTIONS. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6. The navy could not have selected a better historian than Professor Morison, whose fourth volume covers the war in the Pacific during four crucial months of 1942. An excellent book, absorbing, dispassionate, and crystal clear.

CHILD OF DESTINY. By Ishbel Ross. Harper. $3.50. Reading this biography of the first woman in America to attend medical school and become a doctor one realizes that the most heroic pioneers were those who conquered, not the wilderness, but the taboos of society. The success of Elizabeth Blackwell in the face of incredible obstacles and venomous ridicule was a triumph of courage and of faith in her mission. An interesting story told in readable but somewhat journalistic prose.

GUESTS OF THE KREMLIN. By Lieutenant Colonel Robert G. Emmes. Macmillan. $3. Reminiscences of a year's internment in Russia by one of the aviators who raided Tokyo in 1942 and landed in Siberia. The author and his crew seem to have been reasonably well treated, but they were consumed with boredom and horrified by their glimpses of Russian life, and took the first opportunity to escape into Iran. Superficial but pleasantly readable.

THE PURPLE SHAMROCK. By Joseph F. Dinneen. Norton. $3.75. The life story of Mayor Curley of Boston, one of the last of the old-time political bosses. A readable, journalistic account of a fortunately unique career.

THE THREAD THAT RUNS SO TRUE. By Jesse Stuart. Scribner's. $3. The author of "Taps for Private Tussie" recalls his experiences as a young school teacher in the Kentucky mountains. Adventures would be a more exact word, as fisticuffs and miscellaneous violence were all in the day's work. An entertaining book by a born story-teller.

COMMUNITY UNDER STRESS. By Elizabeth Head Vaughan. Princeton. $2.50. An American sociologist who was interned for three years in the Philippines analyzes the social and cultural patterns spontaneously evolved in a concentration camp. It is interesting to note that the women adjusted much better than the men, lost less weight, and suffered less from illness.

THE STORY OF MAPS. By Lloyd A. Brown. Little, Brown. $7.50. A complete history of map-making, by an expert but not too technical in treatment. In the opening chapters Mr. Brown speculates interestingly on the amount of geographical technique the ancient world may have possessed beyond what is indicated in the remains of geographical writing that have come down to us.

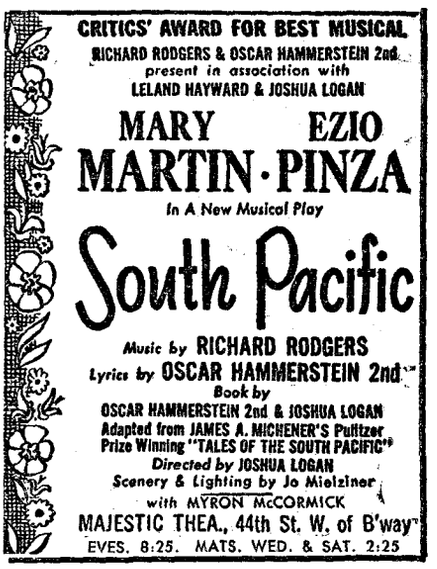
BAD COMPANY. By Joseph Henry Jackson. Harcourt, Brace. $4.75. Joseph Jackson expertly and readably disentangles fact from fable in the story of California's highwaymen. As one would expect, these figures turn out to have been in actuality a good deal less than their legendary stature—ordinary enough ruffians for the most part, or like Black Bart, the most successful of them, the picture of the respectable if somewhat whimsical retired mine owner he posed as when he was not holding up Wells, Fargo stages. Mr. Jackson's tracing of the process by which—practically out of whole cloth, except for the injustice to Mexicans which furnished the groundwork—Joaquin Murieta was turned into a folk hero of the Robin Hood type is a particularly interesting study in the genesis of legend. Four of these sketches were published ten years ago as Tintypes in Gold, the centenary of the gold rush being the occasion for their revival with additions.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

INTERESTING light on Stravinsky's method as a composer for the theater was provided by one of the broadcasts, last spring, in a WNYC series called Ballet Time. On this occasion Mr. Reed Severin had as his guest George Balanchine, who had created a number of ballets to scores by Stravinsky, and whom he questioned about their most recent collaboration in "Orpheus."

Had Stravinsky composed the music first and then delivered it to Balanchine? "No," said Balanchine, "we collaborated very closely. Stravinsky is a composer who can work best when he has definite time limitations: he has to know how long each section will be. For example, he asks me how long the opening scene will be—where Orpheus is standing motionless at Eurydice's grave. So I think to myself: how long would an audience sit quietly without any movement on stage? Forty seconds, maybe. So Stravinsky writes down: opening scene forty seconds. Then he asks me how much music for the en-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trance of Orpheus's friends? I get up and walk across the room and time myself: twenty-five seconds. Stravinsky says no, let's make it twenty-six, and I agree. And so it went. Doing it that way, he can compose different sections out of their order in the ballet. If he's in a sad mood one day he can write sad music for a closing scene before he's written happy music for a scene before that. Altogether it took him eight months."

And when Stravinsky had finished, asked Mr. Severin, how had Balanchine gone about creating the choreography? "First, of course," said Balanchine, "I studied and analyzed the music. Although I did supply Stravinsky with most of the libretto, I never plan the steps ahead of time. I work them out myself or with other dancers to the music. I try to build a kind of floor for the music to walk on"—which was one way of describing the relation of movement to music in a Balanchine ballet that I have described by saying the movement adds itself to the music, complements it, enlarges its meaning, as an additional line of counterpoint would.

Answering a question about plans for new productions by the New York City Ballet Company, Balanchine revealed that they included a sequel to "Apollo" and "Orpheus" with Stravinsky. "We'd like to make it a kind of trilogy . . . like 'Götterdämmerung,' only just the opposite—a triumph of the Gods."

The further documentation of Stravinsky as composer for the theater that was provided two years ago by a symposium edited by Minna Lederman in the magazine *Dance Index* has been expanded by her into a book "Stravinsky in the Theater" (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $3.75). For me the most interesting and important additional material is a group of articles by contemporaries on Nijinsky's 1913 version of "Le Sacre du printemps," which Stravinsky disapproves of in the passage quoted from his autobiography, and Massine's 1920 version, which Stravinsky approved of in 1920 but criticizes in his autobiography. From these articles by Emile Vuillermoz, Jacques Rivière, and André Levinson one gets an idea of what movements in the Nijinsky version Stravinsky is speaking of when he says they proceeded from Nijinsky's ignorance of music and of its relation to movement, and from a general unfitness for his task which Stravinsky describes as a "lack of consciousness of what he was doing in creating it [the choreography]."

"What," writes Levinson, "did Nijinsky do with this music which defies transcription into plastic terms? In their simplified gymnastics the dancers express the respective duration and force of the sounds; they bend their knees and straighten them again, they raise their heels and fall back on them, they stamp in place, insistently marking the accented notes. . . . An all-powerful constraint dominates them, disjoints their limbs, lies heavy on the necks of their bent heads." And of the final dance of the Chosen One: "Once again I can see Marie Piltz . . . standing in a trance, her knees turned in, her heels out. A sudden convulsion projects her body sideways in space. . . . She writhes and shrivels in an ecstatic seizure. And this primitive hysteria, terribly ludicrous, fascinates and overwhelms the helpless onlooker. . . . Such are the ineffaceable memories of the 'catastrophe' of the 'Sacre.'" On the other hand Massine "disavowed—with the composer's agreement apparently—the emotional, magnificently human ground-plot of the work," and produced "a succession of movements without logic, without plastic *raison d'être*, impoverished in design—exercises devoid of expression. . . . The final dance still remains the high point of the work, but this vehement yet supple and easy variation, with its *grands jetés on tournant* that spiral like a water spout . . . does not compare with the terrible spasms that made such a lamentable thing of Marie Piltz's gracious body, already stiffening at the approach of death."

Stravinsky's "Poetics of Music" (Harvard, $2.50) is an English translation of the Harvard lectures that were first published in their original French, and that Jacques Barzun reviewed in *The Nation* of March 27, 1943 with brilliant perceptiveness—with awareness, that is, that "the remarks of creators on their own art belong to the class of sacred writings" and "should be preserved, pondered—and interpreted, for they are seldom trustworthy in their literal sense"; that the lectures, then, "are studded with excellent critical formulations"; but also that "much of what he says [is] ambiguous, even contradictory"; and that "almost every phrase he uses must be reworded to purge it of unfairness or inconsequence," since "in the most abstract language he makes constant appeal to the worst instincts of the groundlings—scorn, derision, superiority," and "he distils poison with modesty and self-righteousness with candor."

Eric Walter White's "Stravinsky" (Philosophical Library, $3.75) correlates biographical material with involved and insufficiently illustrated discussions of the musical works that I have found impossible to understand.

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Letters to the Editors

Leopold's Resistance

Dear Sirs: Permit me to comment on just one of the numerous misstatements in Alexander Werth's interesting but extremely biased article, The Importance of Being Leopold (*Nation*, August 20). Mr. Werth states, "No concrete case in which the King lifted a finger for anybody has been recorded." The truth is that throughout his captivity at Laeken King Leopold carried on, through the members of his civil and military households, whom the Germans had shortsightedly allowed to be around him, a program of humanitarian resistance that would have been a credit to a free man. Here are a few concrete examples, chosen at random:

1. In 1942 and the early months of 1943 the political prisoners of the Germans in Belgium were literally dying of starvation. King Leopold's personal intervention with General von Falkenhausen and with the president of the German Red Cross resulted, within *one week*, in the Belgian Red Cross and the Winter Aid being allowed to send their workers into the prisons and to serve a complete meal to the prisoners every day. That intervention saved untold hundreds of men and women from death.

2. Up to January, 1944, the King intervened *personally* with the German authorities on behalf of 1,600 condemned men and women. Eight hundred of these interventions were requests to have a death penalty commuted to a lighter punishment. Paul-Henri Spaak would be a widower today had not the King intervened successfully on behalf of Mme Spaak. A large proportion of the other interventions were successful, too. This number does not include interventions by members of the King's household, who held special mandates from him to do so.

3. The King intervened so often and so energetically in behalf of persecuted Jews, both Belgian and foreign, that Colonel Kiewitz, his chief German bodyguard, finally refused flatly to transmit any more such requests to Berlin.

4. King Leopold's efforts to get the deportations of Belgian workers to Germany stopped called forth an extremely angry and insolent letter from Hitler. It is too long to reproduce here, but excerpts may be found in *Look* magazine for May 11, 1948, and the complete text, in English translation, in the *Collector* for August, 1947. The latter is published by Walter R. Benjamin, Inc., Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, New York. Miss Mary A. Benjamin, director of the firm, can furnish a copy on request. It is not a letter to a favorite. Moreover, even after the date of that letter the King did succeed in stopping the deportation of women and girls from Belgium.

RUTH A. ELLIOTT

Meadville, Pa., August 30

Leopold's "Insurance"

Dear Sirs: It is a well-known fact, which has emerged in thousands of cases since the war, that even the worst collaborators—people much worse than Leopold, whom I would not call a "collaborator" in the real sense—took out "insurance" by intervening on someone's behalf, doing a good turn to a Jew, or something of that sort, which could then be demonstrated as evidence of "secret resistance." In this sense, Pierre Laval also "raised a finger" for some anti-fascists.

The general record of Leopold during the war was extraordinarily unworthy of a man in his position, and I need not enumerate points in addition to those already contained in my article. What is, however, infinitely more important than quibbling over this is the undeniable fact that his return would be a grave danger to the unity and internal peace of Belgium—and that is something that cannot but concern not only Belgians but also their neighbors. These dangers are fully realized by the Belgian Liberals as well as the Socialists. Therein lies the importance of being Leopold. ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, September 14

The Wrong Goethe?

Dear Sirs: J. Alvarez del Vayo's interesting article, Goethe and the French Revolution [*Nation*, August 27] does not seem to me to do justice to Goethe's attitude.

As Goethe stated in his famous conversations with Eckermann, he wrote only about matters which concerned him personally. Consequently the French Revolution entered his writings only after he had taken part in the campaign against France in 1792. The familiar quotation, "A new era dawns in history and you may say that you were there," shows that he was deeply impressed by the spirit of the French army. He elaborated on this impression in his plays "Der Bürgergeneral" and "Die Aufgeregten," written in 1793. When he wrote "Hermann and Dorothea" in 1797 his judgment had reached an even clearer and deeper perception.

The wavering in Goethe's attitude is not so much a personal characteristic as the typical reaction of the liberal intellectual. Goethe's contemporary, Schiller, was just as inconsistent. In "Don Carlos" he trusted that "through the initiative of an enlightened and unselfish prince . . . change was to come"; in "Wilhelm Tell" (Act II, Rütli scene) he acknowledged the ultimate right of the people to defend themselves by force against tyranny. Then again in his "Lied von der Glocke" he emphasized that "welfare cannot thrive where the people liberate themselves." Even in the French Revolution the men who formed the ideas were not the ones who put them into effect.

MRS. H. C. LADEWIG

Clinton, N. Y., August 28

The Wrong Interpretation?

Dear Sirs: J. Alvarez del Vayo's article Goethe and the French Revolution is a remarkable contribution to the present flood of speeches and essays on the great German poet, remarkable for its intimate knowledge of Goethe's writings

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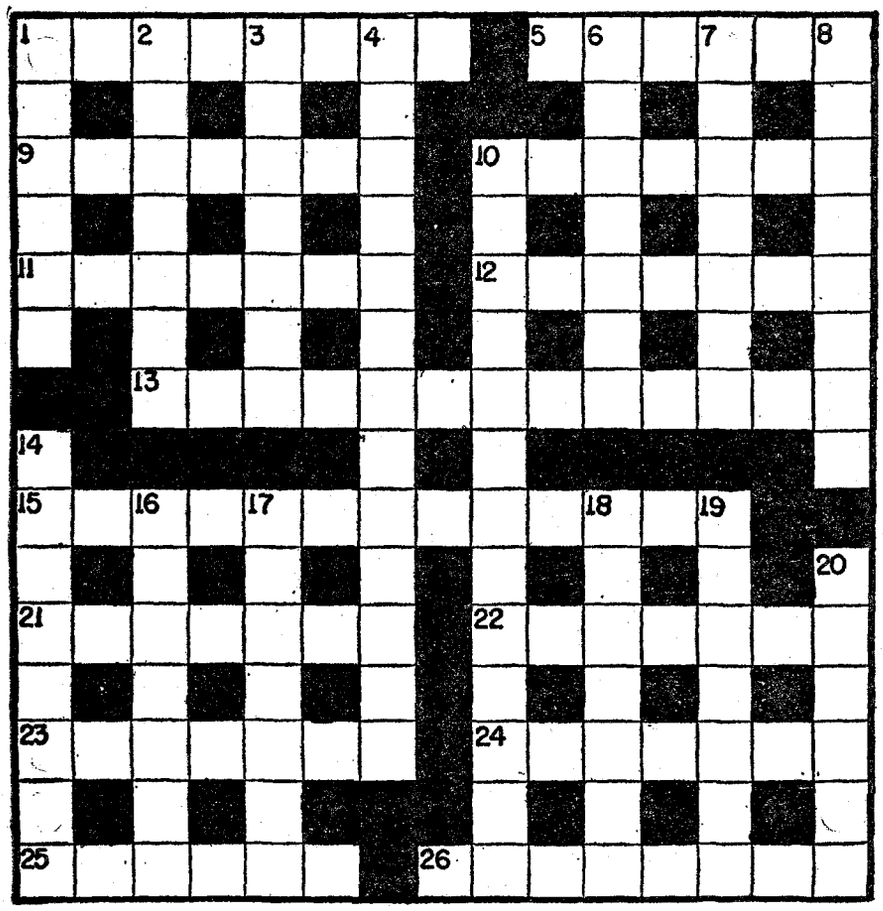
Crossword Puzzle No. 330

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One of these is a side of a house. (8)
5 Ten thousand years in Japan. (6)
9 Somebody's spirit? (7)
10 Making a foundation for singular quarters? (7)
11 5 accompanies this sort of charge. (7)
12 Claims. (7)
13 Josephine received an invitation to come in mine. (6, 7)
15 Sounds like "Miss Washington" to some. (13)
21 It takes a scab to make things hot with it. (7)
22 A British statesman put in the jug? And yet the toast of the party! (7)
23 One country in another—it really isn't hard. (7)
24 Finish all but a few furthest out. (7)
25 Troy and Paris were famous ones. (6)
26 A street I find repeats itself. (8)

DOWN

1 *Ankee Doodle Dand* does! (6)
2 Star-bearer, like a female warrior? (7)
3 This might be found anytime. (7)
4 and 10 down Suggests some body could hold three sets of court players. (It has a spirited following.) (7, 3, 2, 1, 4, 4, 5)
6 The Fra loses nothing, but still looks saintly. (7)
7 He protested in Switzerland. (7)
8 Tin edges get taken in. (8)
10 See 4.
14 Speaks with superficial knowledge. (8)
16 Did Longfellow imply we should make our lives lower than a lemon? (7)
17 Look! The other side is shaken up a bit! (7)
18 Duce, or a different version in South America. (7)
19 The one put on after the sizing? (7)
20 There are as many as there are stars in the blue. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 329

ACROSS:—1 MEETING AT NIGHT; 9 and 16 PARTING AT MORNING; 10 RESTFUL; 11 EUCLID; 12 FUSELAGE; 14 ENTAILS; 15 CANNA; 17 *FUSED*; 19 *ISTHMUS*; 21 BAROUCHE; 23 MOHAIR; 25 DECATUR; 26 CELLINI; 27 ROBERT BROWNING.

DOWN:—1 MAPLE LEAF; 2 EARACHE; 3 INITIATED; 4 GAGE; 5 TORTUOUSITY; 6 ISSUE; 7 HOFMANN; 8 BLUE; 13 DISINHERIT; 15 COMMON LAW; 18 SIROCCO; 20 SWAHILI; 21 BODY; 22 UNTIE; 24 SCAR.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

and the penetrating analysis of his complex attitude towards the French Revolution. One can wish not only that other commemorative efforts attained the same high level of excellence, but also that Del Vayo's frequent references to the German situation were tempered by the same understanding and care for factual accuracy.

Even this brilliant essay on Goethe is marred by the strange assertion that "the Prussian police-state saw to it that the revolution in the realm of ideas should never degenerate into revolution in action." Was it really "the Prussian police-state" that prevented a revolution from occurring between 1871 and 1918? And was Germany actually a police-state in the sense in which the term is applied to fascist and Communist regimes since 1917?

KARL F. MUENZINGER

Boulder, Col., August 29

The Wrong Court

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest Mr. del Vayo's article on Goethe and found myself in agreement with many of the views expressed in it. There were, however, two or three errors of fact which deserve correction even though they do not affect the thesis. One was the statement that Goethe enjoyed the favor of "King Frederick of Prussia" and "for half a lifetime breathed the air of the court in an era of rigid social divisions. . . ." As far as is known, Goethe never had any personal contact with Frederick. The court to which he was attached from his twenty-sixth year onward was that of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and it was at the request of his patron, not of the Duke of Brunswick, that he joined the expedition, commanded by Brunswick, which invaded France in 1792 and met defeat at Valmy the next year.

I hope you will pardon these minor corrections and accept my admiration for the article as a whole.

J. M. SCHLEICHER

Boston, August 28

A Mild Restriction

Dear Sirs: As a postscript to the letters by and in response to Dr. Frederick P. Bornstein (*Nation*, August 13, 27, September 3, and September 17), and although the correspondence has been "terminated," I think it incumbent upon me to point out that my article (The Right to Health, *Nation*, July 9) said nothing about British doctors being directed to their places of practice, and

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I cannot understand why Dr. Bornstein and your other correspondents have taken off on this wide tangent.

All that is involved is the closing of a limited number of areas in Britain to new general practitioners under the Health Service; they are free to practice anywhere else they please. I think Dr. Bornstein will be amused to hear that, human nature being what it is, doctors in many localities have been most eager to declare their areas "over-doctored." The Medical Practices Committee, the central body reviewing these matters, has had to turn down many of these proposals, thus being more diligent than many doctors to keep even this mild and negative sort of restriction to an absolute minimum.

DAVID C. WILLIAMS

London, September 12

No Foundation . . .

Dear Sirs: In an article entitled Taxes, Dynasties, and Charity, in your issue of April 9, Kenneth Fiester states that numerous mills are operated by foundations and includes among them Commander Mills in Oklahoma. For your information, Commander Mills in Oklahoma is operated by Hesslein and Company, Inc., of 75 Worth Street, New York City, who are the sole owners of Commander Mills and have been since its inception in 1927. In addition, Hesslein has paid the taxes of Commander Mills, which can be confirmed by the Treasury Department's files in Washington.

G. W. WALKER,
President and Treasurer,
Hesslein and Company

New York, September 9

All the Way Down the Line?

Dear Sirs: As Mr. Walker says, Hesslein and Company, Inc., *operates* Commander Mills. But it leases the physical property from Sand Springs Foundation, a charitable trust (Source: *Textile Age*, January, 1949). Therefore, while Mr. Walker says he has paid his taxes in full, the fact remains that the sums paid to Sand Springs Foundation for the use of the mill are tax-exempt.

For all I know, the Sand Springs Foundation may be a bona fide charity. I did not imply that all such tie-ups involved sharp practices; I merely pointed out some of the dangers in their rapid growth.

KENNETH FIESTER

New York, September 22

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